Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1878. NUMBER 27.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE HAVE A List of a Thousand Country Weeklies, in which we can insert a one-inch advertisement one year for two dollars and a quarter a paper, or for the same price we can insert fifty-two reading notices (a new one every week), averaging seven lines each. For list of papers and other particulars, address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

$10. $20. $50. $100. Invested judiciously in Stocks (Options or Privileges) is often doubled in 24 hours. Full particulars and Official Stock Exchange Reports free. Address T. POTTER WIGHT & CO., Bankers, 25 Wall street, New York.

$5. TELEPHONES! For Business Purposes, ours excel all others for clearness and volume of tone. Illus. circular and testimonials for 3 cents. Address J. R. HOLCOMB, MALLET CREEK, OHIO.

PIANO Beautiful Concert Grand Pianos, cost $1,600, only $425. **ORGAN** Sweet Grand Square Pianos, cost $1,100, only $255. Elegant Upright Pianos, cost $800, only $155. New Style Upright Pianos, $172.50. Organs $55. Organs, 12 stops, $72.50. Church Organs, 16 stops, cost $300, only $115. Elegant $375 Mirror Top Organs only $105. **Tremendous sacrifice to close out present stock.** New Steam Factory soon to be erected. Newspaper with much information about cost of PIANOS and ORGANS, SENT FREE. Please address DANL. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fireside Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, &c., to C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs. [illegible]sburg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, Phila., Pa., General Agents.

CHAMBERLAIN INSTITUTE, Randolph, Catt. Co., N. Y., on A. & G. W. R. R. Both sexes. Property $103,000. Well endowed, homelike, thorough. Graduating courses, music, general education. Expenses for 14 weeks, $50, $150 per year. Extras. Address Rev. J. T. EDWARDS, D. D. Fall term opens Aug 27.

KINGS COUNTY REFINED SYRUPS — All Standards. No Off Grades. None Genuine unless branded with CROWN BURNT in head of the Barrel or Hogshead. VEILLER, JAYNE & CO. N.Y.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—Rule on the heirs and legal representatives of JOHN MYERS, dec'd, to accept or refuse, etc. CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS:

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to Catharine Ryan, of Altoona, Blair county, Pa., James Myers, Susan Hasson, Margaret Myers, who represent the interest of H. J. and Martha J. Myers, Mary, intermarried with Josue B. Parrish, Wm. Myers (residence not known), Martha J. Myers and Joseph Myers, of Wetherly, Clarion county, Pa., heirs and legal representatives of John Myers, late of Munster township, deceased.—GREETING:

You and every of you are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court, to be held at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of said John Myers aforesaid at its appraised valuation, put upon it by an Inquest duly awarded by the said Court and returned by the Sheriff of said county on 12th April, 1878, or show cause why the same should not be sold, to wit: A certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the township of Munster, in the county of Cambria, bounded on the north by land of Wm. Glass, on the east by land of Augustine Durbin, on the south by land of Bridget Sargeant and Robert Brady, and on the west by land of James Cain, containing about 70 Acres, valued and appraised at the sum of fourteen hundred dollars ($1400.00). Herein fail not.

Witness the Hon. JOHN DEAN, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, this 8th day of June, A. D. 1878.

JAMES M. SINGER, Clerk O. C.
Attest—JOHN RYAN, Sheriff. [7-26. 3t.]

THOROUGH EDUCATION! —FOR— **YOUNG LADIES!**

Lake Erie Seminary, PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

On the MT. HOLYOKE PLAN.

A very healthful location, beautiful surroundings, greatly improved and enlarged buildings, and apparatus. Offers to young ladies all the advantages of a *Christian Home*, with a thorough Course of Instruction in the Higher Branches of Education.

TERMS, $170 PER YEAR.

Including board and tuition, fuel, lights and lectures, instruction in French and German, use of Library, Periodicals, &c.

For Catalogue, with **full information**, address the Principal. [7 19.-2m.]

ATTENTION!

Desiring to close out their stock of vehicles, etc., the undersigned are now offering for sale very cheap, and on time if desired,

3 NEW BUGGIES,
1 SPRING WAGON,
1 Small Second-Hand Spring Wagon,
1 Second-Hand Horse Rake,
AND ONE SECOND HAND
Mower and Reaper,
IN PERFECT ORDER AND CONDITION.

A. A. BARKER & SON,
June 28, 1878.-3m. EBENSBURG, PA.

NOTICE.—To H. H. Pringle, of Richwood, Union county, Ohio, Susannah Pringle, intermarried with Nathaniel Weaver, and Sarah Pringle, of Marion, Whiteside county, Illinois, heirs and legal representatives of Martin Pringle, deceased: Take notice that an inquest will be held at the residence of the late Martin Pringle, of Croyle township, Cambria county, Pa., on SATURDAY, the 17th day of August, A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making a partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same—at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

JOHN RYAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, July 1, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of PHILIP HARDSOG, Jr. Letters of Administration on the estate of Philip Hardsog, Jr., late of Carroll township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CATHARINE HARDSOG, } Adm'rs.
VINCENT RIEG. }
Carroll Twp., June 14, 1878.-6t.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the CRESSON SPRINGS COMPANY will be held at the office of the Company, No. 223 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on **Monday, August 5th, 1878,** at 12 o'clock, M., Election for President and Directors same day and place. JAS. R. M'CLURE,
July 26, 1878.-3t. Secretary.

[Written for the CAMBRIA FREEMAN.]

A CONTRAST.

Which are the better classes?—we shall see
If you and I can on this point agree.
The merit of the man is Heaven's own test,
Without regard to frieze or satin vest;
And he whose life and actions shine forth clear—
Who serves his country and his God doth fear—
We will compare with all that other train
Whose souls and lives are swallowed up in gain;
Whose every action tends to self,
And stops at nothing which augments his pelf.
A thousand happy homes he would destroy
Before his flesh would bear one small annoy;
Nor God nor man regards, but gluts his wish,
As one great shark doth swallow fish.
He strives and grasps at all within his ken,
And occupies the space designed for ten.
With envious eye he views the poor man's cot,
And hates the peace which crowns his humble lot.
To cheat, to cozen, or to undermine,
Is just as much his nature as to dine.
An enemy he lives to every man,
And cares for none but those who aid his plan.
When frost or blight doth nip the tender grain,
The highest price ne'er gluts his greed for gain.
Berates the beggar for a tramp or fraud,
Forgetting Lazarus, *the friend of God*,
Who lay with festering sores at Dives' gate,
The hungry dog his sympathizing mate;
E'en Lazarus, who begged from day to day,
And whom the Lord raised from the fetid clay.

* * * * * * * * * *

Full-fed, he wallows through the world and dies,
His parting soul prest by the poor man's sighs;
Nor has one Godly act graced his career,
But on himself has centered every fear.

* * * * * * * * * *

The other kind of man we'll now review,
Who lives his life to God and virtue true.
To help his neighbor is his heart's desire—
His country's peril sets his soul on fire.
He flings his life into the trembling scale,
And boldly stands where selfish cowards quail.
Upon God's hallowed day his steps he bends
Up to the house where soul-born praise ascends;
There, kindred souls with his do seek the way
Which leads to realms of everlasting day.
His gross, brute instincts under stern command,
Which clog his journey to the better land.
Then through the week his days are spent in toil—
In busy shop—at turning up the soil;
All to his country's wealth his labor tends—
His work does good to all, and none offends.
In peace, his country by his labor grows—
In war, a bulwark 'gainst his country's foes;
And when his well-spent life comes to an end,
The incense praise of many an humble friend,
Like sweetest odors, wafts his soul to heaven,
Where welcome by the countless throng is given.

* * * * * * * * * *

Let any honest man now judgment pass—
Which of these two may join the better class?

A. D. H.

ROMANCE OF A WAYSIDE INN.

STRANGE STORY OF AN OLD TAVERN.

On the outskirts of Tarrytown, on the the Hudson, there is an old fashioned tavern with wide, low rooms, a square corridor, wherein the stairway makes three turns; three fine places, roomy closets, inviting piazzas, all in admirable order—well furnished, well cared for, and last, but not least, a comfortable looking landlord, who leads the way to a pleasant sitting-room with an air that seems to say, "You city folks can get something here that is appetizing—broiled chicken, fresh vegetables and real cream." If he thinks so he certainly keeps his promise, for his daily *menu* is excellent. This jolly landlord is pleased to show his house to strangers, and delights in telling them the old stories connected with it, which have grown into legends, if they will only listen. Throwing open the door at the head of the stairway he poses himself with:

"This is the Red Room. A sweet lady from the West, who was lost in that dreadful steamboat accident out there two years ago, occupied this room for weeks just before she died. She was bewitched with the scenery, the walks and the drives about here, and never tired of asking questions about Washington Irving—had he ever been in this house? and when I told her that he had a thousand times, and that when his funeral procession passed the door, and the public school children were stationed on either side of the road with wreaths and flowers in their hands to do his memory honor, the tears ran down her cheeks. I sent for some of the ivy which grows on yonder church walls, and gave it to her to take home. You know that Irving brought it from the home of Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford, Scotland. Now this is the Blue Room."

"What of this room? any romance?" we asked.

"Not exactly," says mine host. "A bachelor comes here every summer on his way (he pretends) to Saratoga, brings his horses and carriages and servant. He always has had this room. It was all stuff that he just came here to be quiet. Why he was forever going down the road to see Miss L——, or else sitting on the piazza in the morning to see her drive by. My eyes but she was a stunner; and the way she handles her ribbons and talks to those horses is funny. I don't believe he'll come this summer for she got married last winter to an old widower who took her off to a country town in New Jersey and kept her there in real Blue Beard style for three months, and then whisked her away to Europe without letting anybody know it. No, no, my bachelor of the Blue Room won't come this summer; his butterfly is caught."

"And this is the Green Room?" said we as we passed into the next apartment adjoining. "What a gloomy room!"

"I never come here," said the landlord, "after dark, if I can help it—and always put bridal couples here, 'cause they don't mind how gloomy it is," he added, slyly. "There's a story about this room. It's pretty long. Guess you had better make yourself comfortable, and sit down while I tell it:

"It's about twenty years ago last winter since the beginning of the circumstances happened which makes this room so gloomy to me. A lonely woman died here, and she had a strange history. I was sitting in the bar-room one awful cold night until it was very late with some cronies, and we were telling stories and drinking hot flip. Oh, how it snowed! and the wind howled, and it seemed as though Old Nick himself was let loose—till my comrades were afraid to go home, and I said:

"Boys, let's keep it up till daylight."

"Just then there came a rap at the hall door, very low at first, then louder. We were all scared, and did not dare to go and see who was there. At last we went in a body and carried a light, and when we opened the door something fell into the hall, all covered with snow, and a little child's cry came from the bundle. I picked the bundle up—a woman in her nightdress, bare footed, with a cloak thrown over her shoulders and over a baby. Great God, how we looked at each other when we saw that woman's face, for it was the grandest lady who lived about here, a beauty and the boast of the country. Her home was more than a mile away down by the river. Oh, what could it all mean? Was she crazy? She looked at us all, and then said to me, "Let me have a room, for I have come to stay." So I brought her to this very room. My woman folks got up and made her as comfortable as they could. She did not cry, but moaned now and then for hours. At last she told me how her husband had always been cruel to her, and that night had threatened her life, and she had fled in secresy from him with her little babe."

"Did she go back to him?" we inquired.

"Oh, no. He came here, but she would not see him. It made an awful scandal, which his family and her own tried to hush up. They all tried to coax her away, and when she persisted in remaining they called her insane. That broke her heart quite. She induced her physician to say it would kill her to be removed, and so she stayed until death, only a few weeks after, released her from all her misery. She is buried not far from here. The little baby was a girl six months old when she brought her, and as lovely as an angel. She kept the child until she died." And the storyteller stopped.

"What of the husband?" was asked.

"Well, he pretended not to care about her death, was terribly dissipated, had people all the time to visit him, gave parties, and lived a fast life. After madam's death the child went back to his house, but the little thing, very strangely, seemed to dislike him, and avoided him as she grew older. Two or three years after he, too, died, leaving the baby in his sister's care, and, as she was his only child, she inherited all his estate, a large one."

"What become of her? did she grow up? is she living?"

"Yes she is alive, now," said the landlord, "but might better have perished with her mother in the snow, both of them together, than to have come here.

"Her history is a sad one," he continued after a pause, "very sad. The little Marie grew up into a beautiful woman, surrounded with everything that wealth can give, courted, petted, and made selfish, by the very loneliness of her life; for half the time her aunt was ill, or away, and her companions were servants, who indulged her in everything."

"Did she know about her mother?"

"Not till she was sixteen, when somebody told her out of spite. She come flying here, and asked my wife to tell her the truth. So we did; and she came to this room and cried as though her heart would break. Suddenly the old mansion she owned was for sale, and Marie had gone away out to the West somewhere to visit a distant relative. She said she hated her father's memory, and would never live again in a house where her dear mother had been kicked and beaten, and made to leave in the dead of a winter's night."

"And the old place was sold?"

"Yes, and all its historical belongings, and the lands about it."

"Then, what became of her?"

"You see her actions were so hurried, and she was so odd—driving, sailing alone, caring for none of the young people about her, and when with them utterly unobservant of their wishes—haughty and dreadfully cold, that it got whispered about that she was a chip of the old block—kind of insane—queer—yet no one really believed it. Out West Marie met a young man she fancied very much, but he was not her equal in birth or fortune—in fact, he was poor. Her relatives, fearing the result of her acquaintance with him, denied him the house, and finding that of no avail, by some treachery got her back East. Letters were forged, and she thought he had forgotten her. After a trip to Europe and a season of gaiety in New York, she vowed her intention of entering a convent, but to the surprise and delight of her relatives became engaged to a fine young fellow and seemed to be quite happy.

"All would now have gone well, save for a demon of mischief—a maid who was with the mother here when she died, and had taken care of the child as she grew up.—This woman had an interest in the Western lover for some reason—and kept up a correspondence with him and brought things to a head. Marie went to the theatre one night with her young man, the one she was engaged to, and was to see him the next evening at home. The morning after, this woman, Lisa, took a note up to her young mistress's bed chamber and waited for an answer. The note had a quick effect.—Marie ran down stairs. There was the Western lover. A plan was soon laid between them."

"What did she do?"

"A very strange thing," continued the loquacious landlord. "She came to this house and said she was to be married here—and secretly. I talked and talked to her; but no use at all. Then I telegraphed to her aunt, who was South for her health, without letting Marie know of it. No use, no use. Where was the New York lover? Lisa lied to him, and said her young mistress had gone into a convent, and she actually wrote notes as coming from a convent to her relatives, announcing her (Marie's) determination to stay, but would not tell where."

"And the Aunt?"

"Oh, she got here too late. They had been married in my best parlor two days before she came, and had gone away on a bridal trip. It was a sad enough wedding for a young heiress—no bridesmaids, no satins and gegaws. But she was beautiful, my snowbird, as I call her, because she came in a snow storm, you know—and he was a manly fellow after all, and looked very proud of her as he led her to my best carriage waiting at the door. Wife came up here and cried after all was over, and went and got somebody's shoes out of that closet, where they had always been since the little Marie's departure. The young couple settled in a very pretty house in the city purchased with the bride's money. Lisa had been pensioned off, for she might make more trouble. A year passed and the young wife clasped a baby of her own to her bosom. She seemed very happy, and to be devoted to her husband and her little one.

A few weeks passed, and again it was winter; again the snow was on the ground, when we were startled one evening by the arrival of Marie and her baby. They had come alone. Her eyes were wild and strange as she asked for the Green Room. "No," I said, "it is occupied." "Well, then, some other room." Almost immediately the husband arrived. He had traced her and followed her in the next train.

"Was she crazy?"

"Yes, crazy, and yet had such rational ways sometimes that it seemed as though she was all right. She was very ill, and the physicians said she must be taken to an asylum. She raved of her mother and talked of her babe as though it was herself; that she had been ill-treated, and was fleeing for her life through the winter's night. Oh, it was a terrible time in this old house! How I pitied her young husband."

"And now?"

"Now she is, indeed, insane—perhaps hopelessly so—in an asylum near——"

And mine host's tale was ended.

Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Thirteenth Street,

SPRING, 1878.

Silks
Dress Goods
Mourning Goods
Cloakings
Flannels
Linens
Muslins
White Goods
Laces
Ribbons
Trimmings
Embroideries
Fringes
Zephyrs and Worsteds
Neckwear
Gloves
Toilet Articles
Stationery
Flowers & Feathers

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

The principles of—

1—A uniform low price for everything throughout the House.
2—One Price and no partiality.
3—Politeness and Patience to rich and poor.
4—Cash Returned if buyers return goods (even though Dress Patterns) in reasonable time and uninjured.

A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods always on hand, arranged on one floor with plenty of light to see them. A thousand people can easily be waited on at one time. Where so many goods are selling every day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods. Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and inviting them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy, or "only to see the fashions."

If not coming to the city to see the magnificent new stock for Spring, send for samples, describing class of goods wanted. We do a large business through the mail.

Very respectfully,

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Grand Depot. Thirteenth and Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' & Misses' Suits
" Sacques & Cloaks
" Underwear
Hosiery
Upholstery Goods
Blankets and Quilts
Trunks and Valises
Rubber Goods
Horse Covers
Men's & Boys' Clothing
Hats
Shoes

A TRAVESTY FOR 1880.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO U. S. G.

Whisky ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Whisky ring out wild bells, and let him die.
Secretary of State: William Belknap.

Whisky ring out the old, ring in the new,
Whisky ring, happy bells, across the snow;
Rutherford B. is going, let him go;
Whisky ring out the false, ring in the true.
Secretary of the Treasury: Babcock.

Whisky ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Whisky ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Secretary of War: H. W. Beecher.

Whisky ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Whisky ring out my mournful rhymes,
But let the fuller minstrel in.
Secretary of the Navy: one of the Dents.

Whisky ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Whisky ring in the love of truth and right,
Whisky ring in the common love of good.
Secretary of the Interior: Boss Shepherd.

Whisky ring out the grief that saps the mind;
For those that here we see no more;
Whisky ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Whisky ring in redress to all mankind.
Postmaster General: Another Dent.

Whisky ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the grasping hand;
Whisky ring out the darkness of the land,
Whisky ring in the Siezer that is to be.
Attorney General: Orville Grant.

—*Oil City Derrick.*

AN EXCITING AFFAIR.

A STORY OF A RAILWAY ADVENTURE THAT UNFORTUNATELY WAS INTERRUPTED.

There were four of us in one of the cars on the Lyons Railroad. Four smokers—a fact which had naturally a tendency to bring us into sympathetic relations. I forget exactly how we fell into conversation, but, at any rate, by the time we had got to Villeneuve the conversation was general on the subject of railroad accidents. We had all told stories of more or less interest, garnished with the greatest amount of danger possible, when the only one among us who had not yet furnished a budget of adventure, said:

"All that, gentlemen, is undoubtly extremely interesting, but will you allow me to say that the whole of the singular accidents of which you have spoken are as nothing compared to a railroad catastrophe which happened some years ago in England, and at which I was unwillingly present?"

Very naturally this beginning awakened our interest, and we entreated him to go on. "Willingly, gentlemen," said our traveling companion. "As I said before, it was in England, about five years ago. I had taken the Bristol train at 6 o'clock in the morning—a morning that I shall never forget—for a little village some twenty miles off. We had been going along very smoothly, when, from the railroad carriage in which I was placed—the first on the train—the noise of a violent quarrel reached me. I looked out of the window. The noise came from the locomotive, where a fight had begun between the engineer and fireman. I learned later the cause of the dispute, which, I might as well say now, arose from jealously of some woman. It had long burned in their hearts; and now that the explosion had come it was violent.

"I was, as I say, gentlemen, at the window looking out, when the noise redoubled. The struggle was becoming furious. The two men were fighting, like wild beast. You shudder, gentlemen. Ah! I shudder still when I saw—what I shall never cease to see. The two men writhed out of the engine in their agony and rolled off. The train was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Left to itself, the engine went faster and faster. The fields, the trees, the houses disappeared in a way that made my head swim. We passed a station. We scarcely had time to see it. Another one passed, a third, a fourth. Cries of horror were heard from the different coaches. We felt that we were lost! Already I could see the little depot at the end of the route; nothing could save us from being dashed to pieces. I resigned myself to fate and shut my eyes."

"Fontainebleau! Fontainebleau!" broke in the voice of the conductor, interrupting the story of our companion. "Sorry, gentlemen, but I got out here," and bowing politely he disappeared. None of us have ever heard the end of that story.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

AN OLD PUZZLE REWRITTEN.—"If you please, sir, I'm a poor boy, but I'm awfully smart and I want to work."

The storekeeper looked at his customer in astonishment. The boy was a little bit of a fellow, and his chin came just over the top of the counter.

"Well," said the storekeeper, "you seem to have a pretty good idea of yourself."

"That's so," said the boy, "I lost my last place 'cause I was smart."

"All right, then, I'll show you where you made a great mistake when you say you're smart. Do you see that jug over there?"

"No, sir," said the boy, looking hard at a green box marked, "Six gross safety pins."

"Not there, 'way back in the store."

"Oh, yes," said the boy.

"Now that jug is full of vinegar; it holds eight quarts, but I haven't any empty measures excepting one holding five quarts. Now, if you're as smart as you say you are, perhaps you can measure the four quarts from the eight quarts by using the three and five?"

"I can do it," said the boy, "just as easy as fishing."

"If you do, I'll give you two dollars a week and your clothes. No guessing now, you must measure exactly."

"All right," said the boy, "have your tailor here in fifteen minutes to measure me, please."

The tailor might have come earlier, as the boy had the four quarts of vinegar measured out in less than five minutes.

How did he do it?

"FLY LANGUAGE."—It seems from a paper read the other day before the Society of Arts by Mr. W. H. Preece, that the flies which are now becoming so numerous with the increasing warmth really have a speech of their own, and are not confined to the irritating buzz with which they have been so long associated. This fly language can be heard with the assistance of the microphone, which magnifies and aids the ear as the microscope does the eye. Mr. Preece states that, with it, he has heard the tramp of a little fly across a box with a tread almost as loud as that of a horse across a wooden bridge.

A Thrilling Ride for Life.

Andy Baker arrived here, says the Idaho *Avalanche*, on Saturday evening with the mail. He furnishes further particulars of the death of George McCuthan, the driver, at the hands of the savages. When he saw the band of Indians making towards him he wheeled round in an instant and put his four horses on the full run in the direction of Dry Creek. It was a race for life.

Although the horses were the best stock on the road, it could not be expected that they would maintain the ascendancy in speed with such a heavy load to pull and the savages pursuing them on horseback.

But the driver and his passenger, knowing the fate that was in store for them if they fell into savage hands, pushed along for a few minutes at a lightning rate. The bullets of the pursuing savages were whizzing round them thick and fast, but they heeded them not. They were appalled, however, at the fact that the distance was gradually lessening between the pursuers and the pursued, but in this dire emergency their coolness did not desert them.

The demoniac yells of the savages were now heard close to their rear. The distance sped over was about three miles, and then began a new phase of the struggle for life.

It was but the work of an instant for driver and passenger to jump from the stage and cut loose the leaders. This they did, and each man mounting a horse sped onward, leaving the stage and the other two horses behind them.

They now seemed in a fair way to escape, The savages kept right on after them, seeming not satisfied with the booty that had been left them. About two miles had been made when an unlooked for accident occurred. The horses were still carrying all their harness, and being thus encumbered, the one ridden by the driver stumbled and fell. He did not drag the other horse down with him, although the horses were still connected with the harness as when attached to the wagon. The horse ridden by young Hamilton detached himself, and he was left to keep up the race alone. Poor McCuthan had no time to get his horse up and mount him.

The savages were already upon him, and immediately began their brutal and torturing work, killing him by slow process and mutilating his body. One of his eyes was gouged out. The fiends took his watch, rifled his pockets and left his disfigured body near by. The mail sacks on the stage were subsequently cut open and their contents either appropriated or destroyed.

Hamilton was pursued a short distance, but the chase was given up. He ran his horse several miles further, taking to the sage bush. When opposite Dry Creek the animal sank from exhaustion. Hamilton made his way on foot to Dry Creek station, got a fresh horse and he and the stock tender started on, warning the few settlers along the road of impending danger.

THE EDITORS.

THOSE HAPPY, GUILELESS, PEACEFUL, GENIAL SOULS.

The editors of Indiana had a grand reunion at Lafayette the other day, and I was constrained to stop and join them, for verily were they not going to open a keg of nails and cut a melon. Happy, innocent, guileless men, these editors. How little they know of the world and its sordid cares; how little they know of its wrangling strifes and its noisy wars; how little they see of its irredeemable and fluctuating currencies; how sublimely, magnificently seldom do they light upon the combination of its safe lock. Ah, men of busy, heartless, money-getting world, editors have no money. We have something better. We have calm, unmoved and unmovable, sleeping consciences, that you couldn't quicken with a stroke of lightning. What a priceless treasure is such a conscience. Journalism is the profession without jealousy. I don't believe there is a profession in the world so free from jealousy as this. Look at musical people. They are the worst in the lot. Music hath charms to sooth a savage, but it has no power to tame the ferocity of people who play, and sing, and teach it. An opera company, without a black eye is an unheard of wonder. All through the opera season the frightened air is full of the loud wranglings of warring tenor and soprano, contralto and basso.—Every mail brings to our ears the crash of another footstool Christine Nilsson has kicked over. And a church choir—why, I never knew but one choir that didn't have a chronic row on its hands dating back as far as the tariff bill, and more complicated than the Louisiana investigation. And that one broke up the first Sunday. One of the first indications of a revival in the church is when the soprano and alto get on speaking terms with each other. And at a musical festival, did you ever notice how the chorus stood back and glared at the solo? It is awful. But with us there is none of that feeling. We love each other. And when, in the course of our political duties, as standard bearers, we feel constrained to call an esteemed contemporary a "measureless liar," he knows we mean business, and if he is a man who will get mad at a little trivial thing like that, he comes over with a club and mashes us, and that is the end of it. We may have occasion to denounce him, in the heat and passion of the conflict, as a "moral hyena, whose foul and festering chops drip gall and aqua fortis, a mocker and destroyer of the truth, upon whose vicious lips the dear, pure truth, if ever it could spring from a heart so blackened and stained with crime, turns to ashes and bitterness before it can be uttered," We may feel it our duty to call an esteemed contemporary a "paltering slave to a ring of petty tyrants," "an unprincipled scoundrel, whose grovelling carcass, wallowing in the cesspool of political corruption, steeped to his thievish eyes in abhorrent partisan infamy, pursues its nefarious traffic to the very shadow of the mocking gallows it has cheated too long." We get mad at these things sometimes, dreadful mad, awful mad. But we get over it, especially if the other man is the biggest.

When the jealousy of Union generals was bringing disgrace and defeat on the Union arms in Virginia, the newspaper correspondents hung together and carried on the war and won victories and slaughtered rebels by the column, double-leaded brevier. People love us for this unselfishness. Our tranquil lives imprint upon our faces the beautiful and tender expression which people always remember so long after they meet an editor, and which makes them go home shudderiug, to dream that very night that they met a man who had starved to death, and had crawled out of his grave to steal a pretzel and couldn't find his way back. We eat well, and we don't care at whose expense; we dress well, we sleep well, and we drink—well only tolerable, only tolerable.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.—The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self sufficient sort of old fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilties. One day he espied his young hopeful leading a colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that beast?"

"I'm' fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."

"Bring that hoss here," snapped the old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence, and braced on one side by the boy while the old man climbed on the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without a demonstration. Then like lightning his four legs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch and the old man shot up in the air, turned seven separate and distinct somersaults, and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road, with both legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired:

"Did it hurt you, pa?"

The old man rose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair and rubbing his elbows, growled:

"Well, it didn't do me a dum bit of good. You go home."—*Cleveland Herald.*

SOME very remarkable traits of intelligence have recently been observed in the large chimpanzee at the New York Aquarium. It is a well known fact that the discharge of firearms causes considerable uneasiness to all the monkey tribe, frequently frightening them so badly as to cause death. There is a performance on the stage of the Aquarium in which a pistol is used, and for fully five minutes preceding its discharge the chimpanzee is on the watch for the moment of its report, and his actions meanwhile are precisely those of a child under like circumstances. He will get to the furthest corner of his cage and watch the stage intently, then suddenly rush back to a place where a view of the performance can be had, and just as the pistol is about to be fired he will seek the far corner and actually place his hands over both ears to exclude the noise of the pistol's explosion. As soon as the noise has taken place the chimpanzee will run briskly to the glass side and peer intently at the stage again, as if endeavoring to ascertain the cause of so much commotion. The curious fact has been observed by a great many visitors.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - AUG. 2, 1878.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Democratic District Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,
WILLIAM J. BAER, of Somerset County.
(Subject to decision of District Conference.)

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough:
JOHN FENTON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
JOSEPH A. WERTNER, Chest Springs.
COMMISSIONERS,
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough:
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.:
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

SENATOR STANLEY MATTHEWS, Ohio's most prolific and best known letter writer, spent last week at Cresson. If his special friend and correspondent, James E. Anderson, late of New Orleans, could have made it convenient to put in an appearance at the same place, and if that lively witness before the Potter Committee, Mrs. Agnes D. Jenks, the wonderful wife of Capt. Tom Jenks, could also have stopped off there, if only for a single day, Col. Unger could have presented his guests with a *trinity* of rich and rare attractions not to be met with at any other summer resort in the United States.

IF any reliance can be placed on reports from Washington, the danger of a war with Mexico has not entirely passed away. It is only too true that there are a great many men at Washington and elsewhere throughout the country who are anxious for a war with Mexico, for the reason that it would afford them a splendid opportunity to obtain army contracts, and to otherwise indulge in unlimited swindling; but that the present administration will so outrage public sentiment as to permit the country rashly to be precipitated into a war on account of cattle raids by bands of Mexican *gamblers* and thieving Indians across the Rio Grande into Texas, is something that the people will be slow to believe. Those moonlight forays of Mexican banditti across the border into Texas ought to be suppressed, and since the Mexican authorities have shown that they are either unable or unwilling to prevent them, the United States must do it for them by following them back into Mexico and punishing them. Gen. Ord was authorized to do so last summer, and if he is let alone he will make it so hot along the Rio Grande for Mexican cattle thieves that they will abandon the business in disgust.

FIFTY-FIVE OFFICES are now filled by the men who in various ways were actively concerned in nullifying the votes of Louisiana and Florida, whereby Hayes now discharges the duties of President the same as if he had been legally elected. The New York *World* has classified them, and from its statement it appears that of the visiting statesmen, John Sherman was made Secretary of the Treasury, Noyes, Stoughton and Kasson, Foreign Ministers, Harlan, Judge of the Supreme Court, and Hawley, Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition; three members of the Louisiana Returning Board hold offices in the New Orleans custom house, while five subordinates of the Board fill other positions; three of the Hayes electors in Louisiana and three of the election supervisors in the same State have been well provided for. Of the Florida manipulators, eight have received appointments from Hayes and two of his cabinet officers. The remainder of the fifty-five, less prominent than those enumerated, have all been rewarded with offices of more or less profit. That these men, all of whom took a hand at the game of stealing the Presidency for Hayes, should have been appointed to office in preference to others, is one of the most remarkable coincidences in modern politics.

IT is generally believed in this country, at least by sensible people, that a man has an undisputed right to sell his daily labor for any price he may see proper, and that no outsider is justified in interfering with him in so doing. There is a class of persons, however, too lazy to work themselves, who claim the right of saying to others that they shall not work for less than a specific amount, and who undertake when men contract for a smaller sum to enforce their preposterous demands by violent and turbulent means. In Washington city last week a perfect reign of terror was produced by a crowd of idle and worthless characters who attempted to drive from their work a number of laboring men employed in the construction of certain sewers in that city at a dollar a day, the rioters insisting that they must stop work unless they were paid $1.50. They also put up posters on a fence threatening that any one working for less than $1.50 per day would be "shot or stoned to death." The ringleaders were subsequently arrested, the crowd dispersed, and the laborers proceeded with their work under the protection of the police. One man is not bound to take what another man offers him for a day's work, but when he agrees to do so rather than starve or steal, the severest penalties of the law should be meted out to the loafers and rowdies who attempt to interfere with him.

IT is thought, though it is not yet absolutely certain, that the Democratic conferees of this district will meet at Cresson on Tuesday next for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. There is a possibility, very remote we admit, that the next President may have to be chosen by the members of Congress elected in the different States this fall. Keeping this contingency always in view, the supreme importance of electing a majority of the Congressional delegation from this State will impress itself upon every Democrat. After the 4th of next March the Democratic party will have control of the United States Senate, and must, if it can, for the reason we have stated, secure a majority of the members of the House of Representatives *from a majority of the States*. The conference, whenever it meets, must act on the theory in nominating a candidate, that the political complexion of the delegation from this State *may* depend upon the result *in this particular district*. The district is Republican, General Campbell having been elected two years ago over a very popular Democrat, Hon. John Reilly, by a majority of 520. At the next election a third candidate will be voted for by the Greenback party, and in our opinion the result in the district will depend entirely upon whether the Democratic or the Republican candidate will suffer most from the Greenback vote. The conference, after a full, free and candid interchange of views on the part of all its members, must nominate the man who in their calm and deliberate judgment will receive the most votes. The selection should be made not from any feeling of local pride, much less from personal considerations, but purely through a sincere and unselfish desire to put forward the very strongest Democrat in the district, no matter in which of the four counties he may reside. If the conference will so act, and we believe it will, the result can be safely left to the people.

THE Harrisburg *Telegraph*, which enjoys the well-earned reputation of being the most unscrupulous and mendacious Republican paper in the State, has commenced a war of personal detraction against Andrew H. Dill, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and has the malignity to charge him when he was in the Legislature with having been the attorney of any corporation that had money enough to employ him, and that his votes were like his voice as an attorney, at the command of his clients, according to the fees paid in hand. Such wholesale defamation of Mr. Dill will not be likely to injure him when the source it proceeds from is remembered. We do not know Andrew H. Dill personally, and our knowledge of him has been derived from a somewhat familiar acquaintance with his career as a State Senator. When his name was first suggested as a proper person to be nominated for Governor, we were told by a gentleman who has been a frequent visitor at Harrisburg during the last nine years, that there was not a single Democra ic State Senator who had served with Mr. Dill who was not warmly in favor of his nomination. The official purity and integrity of a man who thus enjoys the unbounded respect and confidence not only of the members of his own party, but also of Republican Senators, cannot be successfully assailed by the venemous assaults of a thousand such libellous sheets as the Harrisburg *Telegraph*.

WHEN Daniel Webster, on a certain *Sunday* during the financial panic of 1837, stood on the steps of a Baltimore bank, of which Reverdy Johnson was President, and addressed a large and excited crowd of people who had collected in the street to hear him, he commenced his address by saying, "Fellow citizens: There are no *Sundays* in revolutionary times." Dennis Kearney, the California agitator, who although not as great a man as Webster, is much more notorious, evidently believes that there are also no Sundays during *hard times*, for on his arrival at Boston from San Francisco, on *Sunday* last, he was met at the depot by several hundred of his admirers, and on being driven to the Sherman House he proceeded to address the crowd from the balcony, denouncing politicians, monopolies, capitalists and the newspaper press. Most people will conclude that as Kearney was not standing on his platform on the San Francisco "Sand Lot," a slight regard for decency and propriety would have induced him to postpone his philippic until the next day. But the irrepressible Dennis was full of a speech and was bound to get it off. Dennis Kearney addressing a crowd in the Puritanical city of Boston on a Sunday, is a spectacle pleasing both to gods and men.

AT Bismarck, Dakota Territory, a party of Standing Rock Indians recently caught the Indian agent, Major Hughes, dragged him down to the Missouri and tried to drown him, and would have succeeded had not the commanding officer at the post, Gen. Carlin, come to the rescue. If the ways of Major Hughes in discharging his duties towards the Standing Rock Indians are as crooked as those of the average Indian agent, the presumption is violent that he deserved to be put out of the way, and if the Indians had succeeded in their purpose the verdict of a Coroner's jury would most probably have been, "Served him right." As an almost universal rule an Indian agent has no rights which a cheated, plundered and starving Indian is bound to respect.

NOTWITHSTANDING the denial of the Johnstown *Tribune*, (or rather the begging of the question—ED. FREEMAN) the Harrisburg *Patriot* is correct in saying that Jacob M. Campbell, the Republican candidate for Congress in this district, and his friends made propositions to the Labor party to support the Labor ticket if they would support Campbell for Congress. When the time comes we will place before the shameless and corrupt propositions that have been made to the Labor party or their prominent men, which will cover with contempt and confusion the Republican leaders.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Across the Continent.

THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES OF RAIL IN A SINGLE SYSTEM—COMFORTABLE AND EXPEDITIOUS ROUTES TO THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST—RAMBLES BY RAIL FOR TOURIST OR TRAVELER.

In choosing a route to the West or Southwest the intending traveler seeks three things. First, the Lowest Rates commensurate with speed and safety; second, the Best Accommodations in the way of comfort and courtesy; third, the most Perfect Connections, so as to save annoyance and expense of either money or time. No route from Pittsburgh westward combines these in such perfection as the PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY, popularly known as the "Pan Handle Route." It is *direct*, traversing the most densely populated portions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, reaching either by direct or connecting lines every city and town of any magnitude between Lake Michigan and the Ohio river, and South to New Orleans or intermediate points over the Louisville and Great Southern Railway, thoroughly equipped with Parlor, Day and Sleeping Coaches, and as far beyond the Mississippi as American enterprise has pushed its way. At St. Louis it has depot and terminal facilities second to no other railway, and crossing the Father of Waters here the Western traveler begins his journey through Iowa, Missouri, Kansas or to Texas. At Indianapolis no less than ten diverging lines carry him to all points of the compass. At Richmond, Ind., he goes North or South, being assured of the most favorable rates and every comfort and luxury known to modern travel. At Columbus you strike into the Union Depot with its ten connecting lines. At Cincinnati, at Louisville, at Zanesville, at Steubenville it is the same—branches unite you with close connections leading to every point. This road has gained undisputed pre-eminence as the great trunk line and fast mail route between all the great cities of the East and of the South west by means of its perfect connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, its management have zealously labored to perfect, in all respects, its construction, its equipment, and its working efficiency. No road west of the Allegheny mountains is better built—none offers superior inducements to travelers, and none can show greater expedition or certainty of trains. The appliances for safety and comfort on this route are well known to observers of American railway progress, and even upon the continent the fame of the "Pan Handle Route" is known and appreciated.

This Company issues excursion tickets to all the popular health and pleasure resorts of the West. The beautiful Charlevoix Valley is dotted with comfortable homes, and parties wishing to locate there will find the most healthful and picturesque sites at very low prices. The Norwood Springs Hotel at Bridgeville, has large and cool rooms, broad piazzas and an excellent *cuisine*. The splendid surroundings and beautiful location of *Idlewood*, a charmed spot where grasses grow and birds sing, where broad leaves quiver to the breeze and wild flowers scent the air. At Yellow Springs station we have the Neff House Park, where there are no mosquitoes and no fevers, and you sleep under blankets in August; where the far-famed and celebrated mineral springs bubble up with appetizing quality to the dyspeptic—and blood making properties for the rheumatic and consumptive. At Dayton, Ohio, is the National Soldiers' Home, thought by many to be the loveliest spot in America, a famous summer lounging place for visitors from the world over. All along this route in every direction are shady nooks and rocky fastnesses, bubbling fountains and all the treasures of nature's wild woods. Under inspiration of the heated term some "sweet singer" warbles thus:

For there no torn mosquito bars,
Invoke our abject scorning;
No flies would buzz, and cuss, and fuzz,
And wake us in the morning.
O where's the human would not live
Where live the Iskymoze?—
Where prickly heat is never known,
And everything is froze?

And while the "Pan Handle" has no direct connection with the Land of the Essquimaux, yet all along its line are cool spots where "prickly heat is never known and everythibg is froze," so to speak.

But there are considerations weightier with many than a mere excursion for pleasure or health. There be many who would seek in the far West new homes, and others whose business requires them to make frequent trips to the West. The *Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Road* offers special advantages to this class of passengers. By taking this line you avoid annoying omnibus transfers, as all changes of cars are made in five Union Depots at Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis, where tempting meals await the traveler. As its lines extend through to Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Montgomery, New Orleans, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago, it affords unequalled facilities. Elegant sleeping and drawing room coaches run from Pittsburgh to Columbus, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis and Louisville, and from Columbus to Chicago and New Orleans. Accommodations are furnished for family parties going West, who wish to avoid expense, in the shape of second class tickets, 200 pounds of baggage being allowed each passenger. Second class passengers are provided with comfortable cars and forwarded by express trains. It is obviously of advantage to families moving West to select the route by which fewest changes of cars are made, thus avoiding the discomforts of frequent transfers between depots in large cities. For full and reliable information, time-cards, route-books and excursion rates, apply to agents at depots of this line or its connections, or by letter to W. L. O'BRIEN, General Passenger Agent, Columbus, Ohio.

THE REMAINS OF A MASTODON FOUND.—It having been announced a few days ago that the fossil remains of a mastodon had been found in a cave near the railway station at Mt. Ararat, on the Jefferson branch of the Erie railroad, in this State, hundreds of persons, both on foot and in carriages, visited the scene. It seems that some workmen while excavating at the point named, came upon what they at first thought to be part of the tusk of an elephant. It was taken to a naturalist who lives in the neighborhood and he pronounced it to be the tooth of a mastodon. The workmen at once returned to their task, and under the direction of the naturalist and an antiquarian whom he summoned from Carbondale, the search was prosecuted until nearly the entire skeleton of the monster was unearthed, and is now on exhibition at the opening of the cave. The jawbone is four feet long and thirteen inches thick; the vertebræ, twenty-three feet eight inches long; knee cap eighteen inches in length and nine and a half inches in width at the narrowest point; thigh bones six and a quarter feet long, and the bones from the knee to the foot seven feet in length. It is said that the skeleton will be boxed and shipped to the Smithsonian institute.

—The Philadelphia *Press*, the organ of the Republican State Committee, is very complimentary to the "Nationals." Hear it: "Since the adoption of the ten per cent. financial resolution by the nationals at Cresson, at the instance of Mr. Mason, their candidate for governor is known as 'Ten Cent Sammy.'"

The Great Fraud.

WHAT HAS BEEN PROVED SO FAR BY THE POTTER COMMITTEE.

The Potter committee have proved, beyond successful rebuttal, things believed to be true, but not absolutely proven to be true before, to wit: That the electoral votes of Florida and Louisiana, which were given to Hayes, belonged to Tilden. Leaving out of consideration the State of Florida, which no honest man will deny to have been stolen, we will take up Louisiana. As to this State the Potter committee has clearly proved:

1. That a conspiracy was entered into by certain Republican leaders, the object being to hold no election in East Feliciana, Grant and other Democratic parishes.

2. That the fact that no Republican votes were cast in East Feliciana was not due to intimidation, as alleged, but was owing to Anderson's advice to the Republican leaders not to vote, as it would have a better effect than all the affidavits that could be produced.

3. That for a period of two days after the election the Republican leaders admitted that Tilden and Nichols had carried the State by a heavy majority.

4. That when it became evident that the election of Hayes depended upon the result in that State, deliberate preparations were made for the purpose of defeating the will of the people as expressed at the polls.

5. That in pursuance of this plan protests, forged and altered to suit the occasion, were made for the parishes of East and West Feliciana, whereby a Democratic majority of 2,800 was changed to a Republican majority of 300.

6. That the supervisors of the above named parishes were prevented, by promises of reward made by John Sherman and others, from exposing such forgeries.

7. That on the 25th day of November, when the returning board proceeded to sum up the result of its labors, it was discovered that while Packard and a Republican legislature were elected, Hayes was defeated.

8. That after the above date, and in order to secure the electoral vote for Hayes, forged protests were made for Richland and other parishes, and the returns from Lafayette and other parishes so changed as to increase the Republican vote.

9. That affidavits bearing fictitious names and the names of dead men were manufactured in the Custom House, and upon such affidavits various Democratic polls were thrown out.

10. That the acts above recited were known to some of the visiting statesmen, and received their approval.

11. That the electoral vote of the State, as counted before the two Houses of Congress, was a forgery.

12. That John Sherman, now Secretary of the Treasury, and at the time the personal representative of Mr. Hayes, was guilty of subornation of perjury.

13. That the leading parties necessary to a completion of the fraud were promised by him profe tion and reward.

14. That the fraudulent President, in fulfillment of Sherman's and Noyes' promises, has rewarded with office every scoundrel connected with the great crime in both Florida and Louisiana.

15. That Stanley Matthews, a Republican Senator from Ohio, and Justice Harlan, a Judge of the Supreme Court, had guilty knowledge of the fraudulent transactions by which the vote of Louisiana was stolen, and personally interested themselves to reward and protect the criminals.

16. That Senator Morton and General Garfield, both members of the Electoral Commission, knew when they voted to count the vote of Louisiana for Hayes that it was both fraudulent and a forgery.

17. That Senator Kellogg, who assisted at the forgery of the Louisiana returns, has since been guilty of secreting the witnesses.

18. That not one of the criminals who assisted to perpetrate the colossal crime of the age has been punished, but that all but two—numbering over a hundred—have been provided with offices by Mr. Hayes' direct order or request, and in some cases by and through his continued and persistent interference.

With few exceptions these facts are proved, exclusive of the testimony of either Anderson or Weber, notwithstanding that the committee has only fairly entered upon its task.—*Washington Post.*

THE MAN WHO NEVER SWEATS.—The case of Peter Wendling, the Lebanon man who never perspires, heretofore mentioned in the Reading *Eagle*, was fully described by Dr. J. H. Mease, of Lebanon, in the *Dental Times*, in 1871, as follows:

"Mr. Wendling is about thirty-eight years of age. He never had teeth developed in his jaws, but his gums are very hard and resisting. Over the alveolar ridges they seem to be almost a callous, or bone foundation, enabling him to masticate the hardest substances most readily. He is also destitute of the sense of taste and smell, and yet he is not without a choice as to food and drink, arising, I suppose, from certain stomachic excitements produced by his favorite articles. He is a great lover of beer and oysters; but as to the latter, he knows no difference between a bad and a good one—eating the putrid as eagerly as the fresh. He never perceives (and is, therefore, perfectly happy in the atmosphere of) offensive odors. The skin over his entire body is dry and rough, and entirely devoid of sebaceous glands and hair follicles, with the exception of a small portion of his face, where a few wiry hairs have straggled into daylight. The sudoriferous glands and their ducts are also wanting, a circumstance which causes him to suffering during the summer season, more particularly when the weather is warm and the atmosphere dry. He then, for the sake of comfort—and perhaps preservation of life itself—must cover himself with wet clothing and resort to the damp cellar. Here he is living on the bare earth. When the writer of this was but a boy this anomalous being was in his father's employ on the farm and this peculiarity was often a terrible annoyance to myself and others, as we were obliged to relieve his agony from heat by pumping for water, pouring it upon his back, or over his writhing form. Well do I remember his 'Ah! you stayed; that water is not cold—you played!' when we happened to be a little longer than he thought we ought to be. On these occasions his symptoms were those of asphyxiation, he apparently possessed of good health. These peculiarities seem to be partly hereditary on the maternal side, since his mother had a brother with nearly similar defects, though the man himself is the only one out of a family of nineteen to whom these imperfections have been transmitted. He is also himself the father of seven healthy children, in whom not a trace of his own misfortune is to be found. Upon the whole, the case of Mr. W. may be ranked among the freaks of nature which defy explanation."

THE BOLDEST AND MOST BRUTAL OUTRAGE ON RECORD.—The New York *Times* of Saturday adds to the criminal record an account of perhaps the most audacious crime ever perpetrated in this country. It appears that some months since a married lady of Boston of great refinement and beauty, and occupying a prominent social position, had been visiting friends in the interior of this State, and when leaving took a drawing room car on the New York Central road for Albany, where her husband awaited her. Two villians followed her into the car, probably attracted by the valuable jewelry she wore, and when the conductor approached the lady for her ticket they informed him they were her friends, that she was deranged, and they unfortunately had been selected to convey her to the Utica Asylum.

In spite of her protestations and appeals for protection, the scoundrels succeeded in convincing the conductor and passengers of the truth of their story, and removed the lady from the cars at Utica, she swooning as the train moved away. She was then lifted into a coach, chloroformed, taken to a house of ill repute, outraged and robbed of her jewelry and clothing.

The husband learned of his wife's alleged insanity when the train arrived at Albany, and procuring a special engine started for Utica without delay. Upon arriving a few inquiries enablad him to find the disreputable house where his wife had been taken, and there he found her lying upon a bed almost stripped of her clothing and her mind seriously injured by her terrible experience.

No names are given from consideration of delicacy. The husband made every effort consistent with privacy to discover the fiends, but it was without avail.

—Several weeks ago a very valuable horse belonging to Mr. Henry Oakley, of Hart county, Ky., was sun struck, and ever since has been crazy. Mr. Oakley found it impossible to keep the animal confined, so last Saturday it was turned into a lot near by, where there was a very large pond, the centre of which is about 25 feet deep. The horse made a complete circuit of the pond twice, and then waded out as far as it could, without swimming, and put an end to its suffering by drowning.

News and Other Notings.

—On a farm adjoining Palmyra, Lancaster county, a thirty acre patch yielded almost 1,100 bushels of wheat.

—Two farmers in Tioga county were recently attacked by an infuriated bull, and one of them has since died of his injuries.

—Westmoreland is the smallest county in Virginia, but it was the birthplace of three Presidents—Washington, Madison, and Monroe.

—A fire at Sharon, Pa., on Thursday, destroyed Bowden's carriage factory, and several other buildings, causing a loss of more than $60,000.

—The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* says that Hon. A. H. Dill, Democratic candidate for Governor, will be in that city next week to remain for a fortnight.

—The Congregational Church in Fairhavan, Conn., is rejoicing over the conversion of an old lady of eighty-one. "Never too late to mend."

—Collector Smith, of Chicago, refuses to comply with the demand for campaign funds, and says he will not allow his employes to contribute a cent.

—A widow of 65 summers and a youth of 30, both residents of the Twenty-first ward, Pittsburgh, were united in the bonds of matrimony on Saturday last.

—A kiss recently cost a Beloit (Wis.) man $300. He was a bachelor, kissed a married woman, and paid the amount to the husband to settle the affair.

—Michael Potter, of Willow Grove N. J., has one hundred and eighty living descendants. He can get up several Potter committees right in his own family.

—Eleven children, at Washington, who had climbed into an empty wagon, were seriously injured on Monday by the horse taking fright and upsetting the wagon.

—"Mosby deserves great credit for his sacrifices in the cause of the Union," says Grant. "Grant can carry all the States Hayes did, and several more," says Mosby.

—Fourteen children and three teachers were drowned by the capsizing of a boat on Friday in the river Blackwater, near the town of Baille borough, county Caven, Ireland.

—Oil was struck on Friday in a well started some months ago at McKeesport, Allegheny county. The prospects are considered good for one hundred barrels per day.

—The *Presbyterian* says that Livingstone, the fraudulent Indian agent, invested some of his stolen funds in stained glass for chapel windows and in Sunday school library books.

—During the recent heated spell a fat woman of Ithaca and her children attired themselves in calico and passed nearly the whole of the day in Cascadilla creek, under umbrellas.

—At Bethel, Conn., there are five kittens bound together after the manner of the Siamese twins. When those kittens older grow, and their voices fully develop, life at Bethel will be a luxury.

—On Friday afternoon Lizzie Files, a nine-year-old girl, living on Kerlin street, Chester, was enticed from home by a tramp, who gave her ten cents. Search was immediately instituted, but she has not been found.

—Two children of Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Wills, of Lock Haven, were run over by a Bald Eagle Valley Railroad train on Thursday. One child had his head cut off, and the other lost both legs. The children were twins, aged two years.

—Thirty-six seceders from the churches in and around Brighton, England, and many of them boasting high position, wealth and influence, received the sacrament of confirmation recently at the hands of the Catholic Bishop of Southwark.

—A small flat bug has appeared in Massachusetts, which is armed with "a sword, or point about a quarter of an inch in length, with which it stabs the potato bug, killing him in a short time," and so proving a valuable condjutor in the Murphy movement.

—At Ellisburg, Potter county, the lightning struck the residence of Mr. Pye, a few nights ago, killing two of his boys. Three brothers were sleeping in one bed, and the lightning killed the two on the outside, while the one in the middle escaped unhurt.

—Within the limits of York county there lives a man who has never been outside of his house since some time during the war. He reads some of the time and does odd jobs about the kitchen, but he will not step into the yard even, for fear of being drafted into the army.

—The family of Mr. Ewing, residing in Washington avenue, Belleville, N. J., who lost two little boys by drowning some three weeks ago, have just met with another terrible bereavement in the death of their eldest boy, who was gored by a cow on Thursday and died on Friday night.

—It is printed in a Clarion county paper that one day last week a man knocked at the door of a wealthy man's house and wanted something to eat. The owner of the house recognized in him a former oil prince, whose business capital was nearly $200,000, and he is reduced to beggary.

—Rev. H. G. Dill, father of the future Governor, was presented with a handsome and valuable gold-headed cane, on Wednesday evening, by the M. E. congregation of Lewisburg, after the prayer meeting services had been concluded. The day was the venerable divine's seventieth birthday.

—Prof. Schroeder, the man with the flying machine, will at once begin the construction of an aerial vessel, in which he proposes to cross the Atlantic between this time and October 1st. Thirty-six hours is the maximum time he has laid out for the voyage, and the estimated cost of the air ship is $5,000.

—Thomas and Charles Edwards, brothers, of Plymouth, Pa., were arrested a few days ago and lodged in the Wilkesbarre jail. They are charged with the murder of Charles Richards at Pittston bridge, in March, 1875. The arrest is based upon the testimony of an accomplice named Zimms, who has turned State's evidence.

—Another famine is feared in Ireland because of the sad havoc that has been played with the potato crop this year. It is thought that it has been almost entirely destroyed by six recent heavy thunderstorms which have caused it to commence to rot. It was the failure of the potato crop that produced such terrible suffering thirty years ago.

—Dr. Carver, the glass-ball rifle shot, spent a thrilling and thoroughly dime novel youth. His father, mother, brothers and a sister were massacred by the Sioux in Minnesota and he taken captive to be brought up in the tribe. A life of nineteen years as a nomad with the rifle, his most-loved companion, gave him the wonderful skill recently exhibited.

—That remarkable barber, Burleigh, of Capron, Ill., who called together the citizens of the town, delivered an infidel lecture surpassing Ingersoll's eloquent clap-trap, and then, in the presence of his audience, shot himself through the brain, didn't call together the citizens, didn't deliver an infidel lecture and didn't kill himself. But he got up the yarn for $7.50 and the Chicago *Times*.

—The Catholic Church is actively agitating the matter of "homes in the wilderness." It encourages the formation of colonies to settle available lands purchased at low figures. There are several such colonies in Minnesota, all of which are reported as being in a prosperous condition. The colony which was recently planted on 7,000 acres of land in Virginia has made an excellent start and is well managed.

—A Meadville telegram says that Thursday evening Charles, a ten year old son of James P. Limber, of Sneakleyville, was thrown from a horse that his father had been working, and the boy's feet becoming entangled in the harness he was dragged through the streets by the frightened horse until his brains were dashed out against the sidewalks and fences.

—A printer in Wellsville, N. Y., who has been deaf for many years, was placed in a highly heated room recently to help him out of a case of chills. He was seized with sharp pains in the head and fell down insensible. The whistle of a locomotive woke him next morning, and he since has been able to hear well, and speech, which had also about left him, has returned.

—About 12 o'clock Monday night Isaac Hammill rode up to John Angelas' farm house, a few miles south of Jacksonville, Ill., and asked to see Angelas' daughter. Angelas refused permission, at the same time ordering his son Jason, aged fourteen, to shoot Hammill. The son took down an old shotgun loaded with slugs and discharged its contents into Hammill's head, killing him instantly. Father and son were arrested.

—Parties from the Silver Lake Mennonite settlement, forty miles north from Yankton, bring intelligence of a cloudburst in that region on Monday, by which a large portion of the country was submerged, and seven persons drowned. The west branch of the Vermillion river, ordinarily about two rods wide, was filled to a width of over a mile, and a depth from ten to thirty feet. Much destruction of property is reported.

—Some few weeks ago Mr. John Murray, a farmer in East Nantmeal township, Chester county, hung out an old coat in his corn fields for the purpose of striking terror to the birds. Shortly after a little wren espied the fluttering garment, and at once took possession of one of its pockets and in it built her nest. Not being interfered with, she soon brought forth a brood of ten little wrens, and Mr. Murray says he never saw a happier bird in his life than she was over her little ones in the old coat pocket.

—The code holds its own in Indiana. On Thursday afternoon, as the shadows lengthened over Big Creek, near Madison, General Thomas Green and Lieutenant David McClure, standing ten paces apart, raised each his shotgun to his palpitating collar-bone and fired. Jacob Greiner, second, caught the falling wink of Robert H. Humphreys, other second, as the other ordered another trial. The martial gentleman again fingered the trigger and again the woods resounded. Then the jolly seconds (who substituted paper wadding for bullets) declared honor satisfied and the duel off.

—The three fastest mile heats ever made by any running horse in the world was made by Rarus, for the speed purse at Cleveland, on Saturday. The time was 2:14¾, 2:15, 2:14. The quarter of the first heat was trotted in 33½ seconds, the half in 1:06¼, the three-quarters in 1:40½, and the mile in 2:14¾. The quarter of the second heat was done in 33½ seconds, the half in 1:07¼, the three-quarters in 1:41½, and the mile in 2:15. In the third heat Rarus went to the quarter pole in 33 seconds, to the half in 1:07, was at the third quarter in 1:40½, came like a shadow down the homestretch, and passed under the wire in 2:14.

—The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says that a most remarkable death from hydrophobia occurred on the 22d near Lamar, in Barton county. The victim was a prominent citizen, John Hallam. Twelve years ago he was bitten by a mad dog, and the wound healed up, never giving him any pain, and the occurrence had nearly been forgotten. Last Friday he was suddenly taken with convulsions of a terrible nature. He continued thus until he died. The first two days of his convulsions he was perfectly rational, but on Sunday became crazy. His death and suffering were terrible to witness, it taking four stout men to hold him. He leaves a wife and two children.

—The abbot of the monastery of Sept Fonds, in France, a branch of the most austere of all the orders of monks, is a nobleman by birth, and has bestowed a colossal fortune upon his order. He is the youngest abbot in the church, is strikingly handsome, his ruddy complexion betraying no sign of the severe asceticism of his life. His dress is not distinguishable from that of the simplest friar in the monastery but for a little piece of violet ribbon on the breast of his gown, betokening his rank as abbot. While hospitable in a splendid degree to visitors, especially foreigners, he has the reputation of being as abstemious as any of the brotherhood.

—A Curtin township correspondent writes to the Bellefonte *Watchman* in relation to a child of Mr. and Mrs. Mulborger, two years and three months old, of that township, which is looked upon as something of a curiosity. He says the whole weight of the child is thirty pounds, the head weighing nineteen pounds and the body and legs eleven pounds. (This calculation leaves out the arms.) The head measures from the end of the chin to the top of the head eleven inches, and around the head the measure is twenty-nine inches. The length of the child is thirty-six inches. The little one is apparently in good health and still growing.

—The Allegheny *Mail* says that on Tuesday the Cornish death signal of twenty bells was sounded, 1,350 feet below the surface of the Ward mine. It seems that the cable of a large bailing water tank, which contained 600 gallons at the time, broke suddenly, and the tank went down the shaft like a leaden plummet 1,350 feet to the water at the bottom. Five men were working there, and when the accident became known there was great terror. The sounding of the death signal seemed to confirm the fears of the crowd, but after an hour of work the men were rescued unhurt. They had heard the tank crashing down overhead, and leaped into a small compartment.

—Thomas M. Jackson with his wife and child arrived last week at Norristown, Pa., the home of his wife's relatives, after a five-months' journey from Texas, the distance traveled having averaged from twelve to fifteen miles a day. The wagon was a light, two horse concern weather-beaten, with stayed and broken wheels. The cover scarcely extended the entire distance of the box and part of the material resembled a counterpane. The two medium-sized bay horses on their arrival looked weary and worn, although genuine Texas stock. Mr. Jackson is so paralyzed as to be obliged to use crutches, and they had not sufficient money to carry them half way thro', depending latterly wholly on assistance gained through guarantees signed by the Texas authorities.

—Recent inquiries respecting the reported change in the administration of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland, resulted in the following information: In the opinion of Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Cullen, the English, Irish and Scotch Bishops and the head of the Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome, the Church in the United Kingdom is now strong enough to be relieved from the condition of pupilage which accompanies a mission Church, and to assume the autonomy that pertains to the Church in countries where it is governed by canon law. The desired change will probably take place, and with it will come the appointment of a Papal Nuncio to reside permanently in London. It is thought that the Nuncio will be Cardinal Howard.

—The Baltimore *American* of the 29th ult. says: "The most remarkable birth ever known in the history of accouchment occurred at or near Sykesville, Ohio, on last Monday night. Mrs. McCormick gave birth to five healthy children, four boys and one girl. The medical works have but few instances of such wonderful births, and when they do occur the children have rarely ever been known to live. In this case the mother and children, in language common to such occasions, are 'doing well.' The community there is excited, and the fortunate father is the hero of all the country round about. His home is already an object of pilgrimage for all the old women of the region. Two births of four children have occurred within the last fifteen years near this region."

—The Washington *Star* says: On Thursday morning some of the residents of Anne Arundel county, Md. (about a mile south of Severn Station), were attracted by a clump of bushes by an intolerable stench, and making an examination found the body of a man, much decomposed and torn by animals. A coat and hat had been placed on a fence near by, and he had doubtless gone into the woods to die. 'Squire Anderson held a jury of inquest, and it appeared that he had been one of the preceding Saturday, when, in a foreign accent, he inquired where he could get a drink of water, and when food was offered him he said he had not eaten food for two days and intended to die. The jury could do nothing else than find that he came to his death from causes unknown, and he was buried near by. He appeared to be about 45 years old.

—A remarkable cure by blood transfusion has been wrought in Boston. Cora Merkel, a child of seven years, was attacked first by diphtheria, next by rotheritic sis, and finally by sanguina purpurea, and her life was despaired of. Her father, who is a physician, consented to have the experiment of blood transfusion tried. Blood was taken from the veins of a young man of eighteen, and injected with a syringe into the child's system. Subsequently the little one took cold and began coughing with a mucus rattle in her throat, so that the father was compelled to afford relief by respiration. He then took blood from the veins of his servant, a healthy girl of nineteen, and the effect of the transfusion was charming. The child fell into a peaceful sleep, and a remarkable change came over her. When she awoke she asked for her playthings, and from that hour her improvement was rapid.

—One of the most remarkable cases of instinct that we ever heard of, says the St. Mary's (Md.) *Beacon*, came under our personal observation a few days ago. Deveaux, the county jailer, was presented with a small pig by a friend living about four miles from town, and it was taken to him in the Court House yard. The pig was not over four weeks old and was in the whole distance in a sack. On Friday morning last Mr. Deveaux noticed that it did not notice it particularly. In the evening he discovered that it had escaped. On Saturday morning his friend informed him that the pig had returned to his former and was with its mother, it having succeeded in making its way from town to the place of its nativity. The interest was the more remarkable as the way it had traversed was first across Britton's Bay, which is half a mile wide, and thence through the enclosures of three different farms. The pig was seen by some colored men while crossing the bay, who tried to intercept it, but it eluded them and escaped to the open field in the direction of its home.

THE TRUTH OF THE UTICA OUTRAGE STORY AFFIRMED AND DENIED.—The Providence (R. I.) *Bulletin* of Monday evening prints the following:

"We are sorry to hear from a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances in the case of the cruel outrage upon a young respectable Boston lady, who was traveling on the New York Central Railroad, is true in all its essential circumstances. A Utica despatch attempts to discredit the story, but there is no doubt of the fact."

THE OTHER SIDE.

Following is the despatch to which allusion is made above:

UTICA, July 25.—Further investigations go beyond doubt that the story of a lady being outraged in Utica while en route for home is wholly destitute of foundation. Superintendent Priest of the New York Central Railroad has no knowledge of the affair, no locomotive has been employed for the passenger purposes. The Utica police force, men and officers, are in full knowledge of the matter. Dr. Gray of the Asylum says it is an old story revamped.

—The Camden and Atlantic Railroad company have set apart Thursday, August 15, for an excursion to Atlantic City, to be composed of churches, Sunday schools and other select organizations. Representatives of such societies desiring to participate in the excursion can make arrangements by applying to D. M. Zimmerman, Secretary and Treasurer, Philadelphia. The Seaside View Excursion House, with its generous accommodations, is for the use of the patrons of the Camden and Atlantic railroad. It has a splendid ocean frontage, is three stories high, has wide piazzas on the first and second floors, a band of music, an elegant parlor for ladies, with Russell's organ, and all the appointments are first class in every particular.

DRUGGISTS everywhere have recommended the line of the celebrated D

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - AUG. 2, 1878.

Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.

On and after MONDAY, JULY 8, 1878, trains on the E. & C. R. R. will be run as follows:

P. M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.
4 00	Leave...Ebensburg...Arrive	10 05	9 55
4 08	....Bradley's....	10 05	9 47
4 14	....Kaylor's....	10 26	9 31
4 21	....Noel's....	10 20	9 25
4 40	....Munster....	10 14	9 19
4 46	....Lockett's....	10 05	9 10
5 00	Arrive...Cresson...Leave	9 50	8 55

Both the morning and evening train connect with trains east and west on the Pa. R. R.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Trout fishing will be out of season after today.

—Argument Court is in session as we go to press.

—Our county jail at present contains twenty-four inmates.

—A father and two sons are among the prisoners now confined in the Clearfield county jail.

—A thirty pound "tapping-snortle" was caught in the reservoir near Hollidaysburg the other day.

—The Altoona authorities have been making another raid on the haunts of the fallen angels on Ninth avenue.

—Ten acres of land and two small plank houses near Hollidaysburg were recently sold at private sale for $200.

—Rev. M. P. Doyle, formerly of Johnstown, is one of the Labor Reform nominees for Assembly in Huntingdon county.

—An old lady named Barbour died in Cambria township on Monday last, and was buried in Lloyd cemetery Tuesday afternoon.

—The experiment of cultivating tobacco has been essayed this season by Mr. Conrad Seipps, of Johnstown, with fair promise of success.

—A young woman named Catherine Fondler, of Conemaugh borough, having been adjudged of unsound mind, has been sent to Dixmont.

—Mr. Hugh Pitcairn, of the Altoona *Tribune*, who has been taking in the Paris Exposition, will return home about the 10th inst.

—The Democratic State Executive Committee will meet for the transaction of important political business at Cresson to-day (Thursday).

—A former Johnstowner named Henry Wright was killed in a mine at Marquette, Michigan, last week, by the fall of a heavy piece of ore.

—After all the Altoona Fire Company is not going here to picnic. Williamsburg, Blair county, appears to have presented superior inducements.

—The Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band gave its first open air concert this summer on Tuesday evening. They make good enough music to come out oftener.

—The hot season has gone hard on Mr. Eli Green, of Altoona. He weighed 412 pounds a couple of months ago, but now tips the scales as low as 404 pounds.

—Sheriff Stiffler on Monday located five parties, convicted of various grades of crime in the recent session of the Blair county court, in the Western Penitentiary.

—The Altoona *Tribune* tells the story but fails to swear to it that a rattlesnake five feet seven and one-half inches long was killed in Blair county one day last week.

—Mr. Charles P. Linton, youngest son of Major John Linton, formerly of Johnstown, but of Rochester, Pa., died at Minneapolis, Minn., on Sunday morning last, aged 30 years and 8 months.

—The entire family of Mr. Aaron Bittner, of Brothersvalley township, Somerset county, consisting of his wife and two children, recently died from diphtheria within a day or two of each other.

—Congressman Campbell's parting appeal to voters while in town the other day was contained in the simple word, "Forbear!" We told him we were for Baer or any other man who could beat Campbell.

—The religious exercises known as the Forty Hours' Devotion will be held in the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, from Sunday, the 25th, to Wednesday, the 28th of the present month.

—By the destruction by fire of the chemical works connected with their paper mill at Roaring Spring, Blair county, last week, Messrs. Morrison, Bare & Cass suffered a loss of $1,200. Fully insured.

—The Presbyterian church, Hollidaysburg, was Baron of religious services last Sabbath, owing to the fact that Rev. W. H. Barner, the pastor, was listening to what the solid saxes were saying at Ocean Grove on that day.

—H. Herr, Esq., an Altoona lawyer, had one of the bones of his (Herr) left arm injured a few days ago by being thrown from a buggy. His (Herr) injuries are not serious, though they Herr-t him for a while pretty badly.

—Mr. George Huntley is about able to say that the work of improving and beautifying his store-room is completed. The gallery which now runs around the interior is certainly a tasteful idea, and reflects credit on its projector.

—The coal miners in several sections of Western Pennsylvania are holding meetings to consider what price shall be charged for digging, but it is not known that the miners in this county are dissatisfied with the wages they now receive.

—The picnic of the telegraphers at Cresson last Thursday was largely attended, and the reports that went over the wires seemed to indicate that much pleasure was found in the pathless woods which lie around that famous summer retreat.

—A patent for chills for hubs was awarded one day last week to Mr. Patrick H. Berns, of Indiana, Pa. Chills for "hubbies," which is quite a different thing, needs no patent—an irate wife and a bucket of cold water being all sufficient for the purpose.

—The Fish Commissioners of the State have appointed Mr. Robert M'Combie, of Carroll township, a Fish Warden for this county. His commission is dated July 11, 1878, and is to run for three years. Now look out, ye violators of the game and fish laws in Cambria county!

—On Saturday of next week, Aug. 10th, Dr. Hoffman, surgeon dentist of this place, will be at Wilmore for the purpose of attending to the wants of all in that vicinity who may stand in need of his services, and on Thursday following, Aug. 15th, he will visit Carrolltown for a like purpose.

—The fine summer resort in this place known as Belmont, although only in the midst of its first season under the management of Mr. Heist, has already become so popular that the proprietor has found it impossible to accommodate all who have sought shelter under its hospitable roof.

—The Altoona *Mirror* says that one day last week Mr. Philip Dempsey, of that city, sold a tract of land containing thirty-eight acres and some perches, situated along the line of the Hollidaysburg Branch Railroad and just outside the limits of Altoona, to Dr. S. C. Baker for $400 per acre, or $15,200 for the entire tract.

—Under the head of "Obituary," in another column, will be found a notice of the death of a venerable and much esteemed citizen of Allegheny township, Mr. Michael Maguire, to whom was due the distinction of being the first male child born within the present limits of said township. Peace to his ashes and eternal rest to his soul.

—Our young friend Ed. Kittell caught the boss of the black bass tribe last Monday. It measured fourteen inches in length and weighed about three pounds, more or less—especially less. He also caught several fine catfish. One of the same species fully fifteen inches long was captured in the same water (Shinkle's dam) the same day by Rev. T. R. Jones.

—Howard, eldest son of our much esteemed friend, Thomas Herzog, of Johnston, foreman of the C. I. Co's Brick works at Coopersdale, had one of his hands caught in the machinery and shockingly lacerated on last Thursday afternoon. For a time it was thought the hand would have to be amputated, but we are glad to learn that this has

[illegible]

—One hundred Altoonians, employees of the P. R. R. freight shops, took an excursion to Naginey's cave, near Lewistown, last Saturday. Other employees of that corporation, such as the carpenters, moulders, etc., have it in contemplation to indulge in similar excursions this month, and the locomotive engineers will swing around the circle of the seashore and the Northern lakes ere long.

—Three young men named Walker, Mitchell and Young were arrested at Conemaugh, a few days ago, on the charge of having smashed the doors, windows and inside furniture of a house of public worship at Duncansville, Blair county. On their way to the Hollidaysburg jail, Young slipped his handcuffs and effected his escape, but the others were safely landed in that stronghold.

—Mrs. Saeger, the poor demented woman from Johnstown, and whose infant, by the way, died there on Wednesday last, is still in jail, her husband having broken up housekeeping and declined to take her back, owing to the alleged fact that her insanity, from which she seems now to have recovered, is only lying dormant and is likely at any moment to manifest itself in the most violent way.

—We learn from the Hollidaysburg *Standard* that Mr. Jonathan Conrad, a gentleman with whom we were well acquainted, and for whom we, in common with all others who knew him, entertained the utmost respect, died at his home in Freedom township, that county, on the 23d ult., aged 60 years. Mr. Conrad was a resident of what now constitutes Blair county during his entire life. May he rest in peace.

—The Mifflintown *Tribune*, of which Col. J. M. Bowman, formerly of Johnstown, is editor, and of which E. B. McCrum, Esq., was until recently the owner, has been purchased by a gentleman named Ezra D. Parker, who will transmogrify it into a Democratic paper on or about the 13th of the present month, when our friend Bowman's occupation, like Othello's, will, we presume, be gone. The amount paid for the establishment was $1,750.

—Rev. W. J. Chichester, of Titusville, formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Altoona, made a narrow escape from drowning at Cape May one day last week. He was carried out by the undertow of a large wave, and every one present thought he was lost. He had just given up all hope when another wave carried him on its crest far towards shore that he was seized by a number of ready hands and carried safely to the beach.

—Harry Murray's little game along the line of the railroad is to represent himself as the advance agent for Cole's New Orleans Circus, run up a bill for three or four days' board at a hotel, borrow what loose change the landlord is possessed of, give an order on the treasurer of the circus for payment, and then go away sorry because he couldn't steal a diamond pin, or something of that sort. This is a good time of the year to look out for traveling frauds of all descriptions.

—A special train will hereafter, during the summer season, as it did on Saturday last, leave Pittsburgh every Saturday afternoon at 2:30, arriving here at 6:30 P. M. Returning, it will leave here at 6:26 and Cresson at 7:01 on Monday morning, getting into Pittsburgh about 10:01 A. M. It is intended for the special benefit of those who may desire to come to our mountain resorts and snatch what comfort may be obtained by staying over Sunday, and will run on a fast schedule and make few stops.

—It is hardly necessary to inform those who deal with them that John Lloyd & Co. keep the largest, freshest, and best stock of merchandise in Ebensburg, yet for the benefit of those who are not enrolled amongst their customers we make mention of the fact and advise them to patronize the firm named. Their prices are so low as to cause general comment, and each article is warranted to be just as represented. If you buy from them once, we do not think you will fail to buy again and as often as occasion demands.

—Hon. Jacob M. Campbell, representative from this district in Congress, paid Ebensburg a brief visit on Tuesday. He looked as if the cares of office did not utterly disagree with him, and felt, no doubt, as if he wouldn't care to try a few more cares of the same kind. Though he has not yet been formally tendered the nomination by a conference, it is a foregone conclusion that he will again be the Republican standard-bearer for that office this fall, three out of the four counties comprising the district having declared for him.

—At a recent notable wedding in London, a young lady wore a pair of slippers in which Queen Anne is said to have danced at Bath. The lady is said to have slipped about in them with difficulty, the heels being so high and the toes so "nibbed," but then they finished her costume exquisitely. S. Blumenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, may not deal in slippers of so antique style, but he certainly has an endless stock of boots, shoes and slippers of styles in fashion now. A fresh lot received this week, and marked at the bottom figures.

—At the late session of the Blair county Court, John Nagle was tried on the charge of stealing from his uncle, Richard Nagle, in Altoona, a pocket-book containing $162. The latter Nagle up till a few months ago lived in Cambria county, when he sold out and was on the point of going West, but was delayed in his journey by the loss of his money, as above noted. It is gratifying to learn that by verdict of the jury, John Nagle, who also claims Cambria as his native heath, was adjudged not guilty of the crime with which he was charged.

—James Henry, recently found guilty of bigamy in the Blair county Court, was sentenced on Thursday last to pay $100 fine and cost's of prosecution, and to undergo one year's imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary. Wm. Watson and David Smith, convicted of larceny in the same Court, were each sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of three years, and James Stewart and Geo. W. Driver, convicted of a like offence, will be required to serve the State for the next two years. The four last named are quite young, neither of them having yet attained his majority.

—One may see a cow-hide in the grass, a rusn-light on the floor, a candle-stick deep in the mud, a bell-pull at the door. He may even see a jack-plane on a board, a car-spring off the track, a saw-dust off a dirty sword, and then a carpet-tack. But he might travel from June to Jerusalem and not see in his travels a finer display of ready-made clothing than adorns the interior of Jas. J. Murphy's store, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. His goods are the pick of the market, fresh and stylish, and warranted to give satisfaction in the matter of price. Orders respectfully solicited.

—Several weeks ago three ladies, hailing from Harrisburg, if we mistake not, visited this place and managed to reap a rich harvest of human hair, which they promised to return by the first of July last in the shape of ladies' switches, etc. Having failed even up to this late day to fulfil their part of the contract the presumption is violent that they were a trio of feminine swindlers, and that the hair which they accumulated, and which was quite valuable, will never again grace the heads of the rightful owners. All which should serve to put our lady friends on their guard against such frauds in the future.

—A young man sailing, or rather bumping his way, under the high-sounding name of Le Roy Felsh, and claiming Ann Arbor, Mich., as his home, to which place he was en route at the time, fell asleep on the bumper of a freight car on Friday night last, and while in that somnolent state his legs were caught and badly crushed between the dead-woods of two of the cars in consequence of the train coming to a sudden stop at the coal-wharf in Huntingdon. One of his knees was so much injured that the leg will probably have to be amputated. He was taken to the Huntingdon county almshouse for treatment.

—A correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Telegraph*, writing from Emlenton, Pa., notes among other things, in one of his recent letters, that J. A. Kittell and B. S. Dean, of the *Register* office, are making preparations to start a paper of their own. Both are excellent printers, to quote the language of the correspondent referred to, and their efforts will undoubtedly be crowned with success. Mr. Kittell, it is almost needless to say, is a son of our townsman, Wm. Kittell, Esq., and for that as well as various other reasons we hope his new departure, when made, if made at all, will more than realize his brightest anticipations.

—The residences of Revs. Thomas Walsh and Julius Kunzer, pastors respectively of St. Mary's (English) and St. Michael's (German) Catholic churches, Hollidaysburg, were entered by burglars, the latter about midnight on Tuesday night of last week and the former some two hours later, but in neither instance did the invaders reap a very rich harvest. Father Kunzer's cellar was despoiled of sixteen bottles of California wine and a lot of butter, eggs, meat, etc., while at Father Walsh's residence the thieves got away with nothing except the key of the church, the outeries of the servant girls in charge of the house prompting them to seek safety in flight. Both of the Rev. gentlemen were absent from home at the time.

—On Monday of next week, Messrs. Frank M'Laughlin and Wm. P. Jones, residents of this place, will start on a visit to Texas. A colony which will comprise probably a dozen families propose removing from this section to that distant State some time next fall, and the object of the two gentlemen named is to make a personal inspection of the country and choose a suitable point for locating. They desire to settle in a body, if possible, and, counting amongst their number members of nearly all the useful trades, they possess the elements for the founding of a town which should be at least self-sustaining. Their withdrawal from our midst will be deplored, but it is hoped that what will be looked on as our loss in this respect will result in their great gain.

—To "sweat" is defined as "being deprived of the saline and oleaginous fluids of your material substance through the excretories of your pellucid cuticle with a sensible condensation of moisture upon the superficial exterior." Terrible, ain't it? Yet there is little need of any one going through so trying an ordeal if he only has the good sense to go to the popular cheap clothing emporium of Godfrey Wolff, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa., and purchase for himself a suit of summer clothing which will not only keep him cool enough to preserve the "saline and oleaginous fluids of his material substance," but give him the most perfect satisfaction, as well in the price as in the quality of the goods, which cannot be surpassed anywhere.

—It is the intention of the State Fish Commission to locate another fish-breeding establishment in the western part of the State, and on Monday morning an agent of said Commission arrived here to investigate the merits of this section for the purpose proposed. He viewed a number of springs and streams in the immediate neighborhood, and is understood to have expressed himself to the effect that, water and climate being both considered, no better place than this could be found anywhere for a fishery.—Another visit will be paid at some day in the near future, when a more comprehensive examination will be made of the several springs and some particular one probably be fixed upon for purchase. Commissioner Hewitt of Hollidaysburg, is the moving spirit in the matter, and to him the report of the agent will be made.

—The real estate of the M'Laughlin Brothers, in this place, known as the "Zahm property," was sold by F. H. Barker, assignee, at public sale, last Saturday. The property comprehends the large store room now occupied by the Messrs. M'Laughlin, the building occupied by Collins, Johnston & Co. for banking purposes, a dwelling house and the usual outbuildings, with a half lot of ground whereon these are erected, now in the occupancy of Wm. J. M'Laughlin. The bidding was spiritless and resulted in the knocking down of the property to Counsellor Cassidy Griffith for the paltry sum of $2,257. Three or four years ago it would have been accounted cheap at twice that sum. We do not know what disposition will be made of the property by its new owner, but have heard it hinted that a large hardware store will shortly be started therein.

—Mr. John Jones, of Blacklick township, is a staunch Republican, as any one could tell from a remark he let fall the other day. General Campbell, our Congressman, made one of his infrequent visits to this section the beginning of the present week, and amongst those of his constituents who greeted him was Mr. Jones. "I voted for you once," said Mr. Jones, "and mean to do so again, for I think you have richly earned a second term. But there is one thing," he went on to say in a most impressive manner, "there is one thing you ought to do as soon as you get back to Washington city. You ought to have that infernal law repealed which keeps us from shooting squirrels at this season of the year. They're eating up all my crops!" General Campbell promised to have the matter attended to, but if he does it will have to be through the instrumentality of the Pennsylvania Legislature at some future session.

—Not many evenings ago the singular spectacle of a column of black ants on the march was witnessed at a dam. Some parties who were fishing in that vicinity had their attention attracted to myriads of the insects traversing a log which lay across the water. Examination demonstrated the fact that they constituted a section of an army numerous as the sands of the desert, the advance guard of which was lost in space toward the west, while the rear might have extended back into Blair county for all that could be determined to the contrary. The fishermen looked and wondered for an hour and when they finally turned away the onward march was still progressing. It is said to be a peculiarity of ants while on the warpath that they move forward in a straight line, diverging neither to the right nor to the left. If a house looms up before them, they go either through it or over it, by day or by night. It is mainly for this reason that we would like for all their future marches to be conducted at as least as safe a distance from town as this one was, for they have teeth and can bite.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE EXCURSION.—The proposed visit of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Press Association to the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, has been postponed until the 20th of the present month, when a pleasant time is anticipated, as will be seen by the following from the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of Saturday last:

Col. W. L. Foulk arrived in this city yesterday on his return from Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, where he has been spending a day or two perfecting arrangements for the excursion of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Press Association. It is now definitely settled that the excursion party will leave this city on the morning of the 20th of August, no postponement on account of weather. They will dine at Columbus, O., the same day, arriving at Cincinnati that evening at 7 o'clock. There they will partake of the hospitalities offered them by the citizens of that city at the Highland House, a favorite summer resort, most delightfully situated. On Wednesday morning, upon invitation of Mr. John Simkinson, President of the Zoological Institute, the party will visit that institution and other points of interest. In the evening they will leave for Louisville, Ky., stopping at the Galt House. There they will partake of the hospitalities offered by the citizens of that city. The next morning, Thursday, a special train will be in readiness at the depot of the Louisville and Great Southern R. R. to take the excursionists on a ride through the cave on that evening. It is the intention upon the night of arrival to take the "short route" through the cave. Upon the following day, Friday, the grand rounds will be made—that is, the "long route." This will occupy the entire day from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M. A bountiful lunch will be served in the cave. The excursionists will remain a day or two longer in the vicinity of the cave, and return by the way of Indianapolis. The arrangements throughout are most complete, especially over the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad and its Southern connections. This wonder of the world is constantly visited by parties from this country and Europe.

A NEW LAW.—County Commissioners will henceforth be required, before entering upon their official duties, to give a bond with sureties to be approved by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the same county, or by one of the judges thereof, and in such penalty as the said Court shall deem sufficient, bnt not less than two thousand dollars each, for the faithful discharge of all duties enjoined upon them by law, and for the faithful and legal appropriation of all county and other moneys which the said Commissioners have any authority to draw out of the county treasury upon checks or orders given by them, or over which they have control; the said bonds to be taken in the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for the use of the county, and to be acknowledged before the Recorder of Deeds of the same county and recorded in his office at the cost of the county.

ECHOES FROM THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION, AS WAS.—The poet laureate of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association, the amiable and talented Eugene H. Munday, editor of the Philadelphia *Proof Sheet*, a monthly emanation from the well-known Type Foundry of Messrs. Collins & McLeester, and, by the way, one of the prettiest, best conducted and most valuable publications of the kind in the United States, "says his say" in the July number about the recent excursion of said Association to Cresson Springs, of which excursion he was part and parcel in a more than ordinary degree. The following extract very properly comes under the head of local and personal, and as such we reproduce it here, at the same time commending the first paragraph to the prayerful consideration of the editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*, who, judging from his tirade against the management of the Mountain House, could scarcely be assigned a front seat among "the wiser portion of the guests" on the occasion referred to:

"At Cresson, surrounded by beautiful lawns and attractive woods, we found the fine Mountain House and elegant cottages, with well-furnished rooms, inviting beds, and excellent and plentiful table; and the wiser portion of the guests did not regret that, in consequence of the house being just opened, and its forces yet not perfectly drilled, there were 'waits' between the courses, for these gave opportunity for pleasant chat, and were provocative of extended appetites, which were generously appeased. This is as good a place as any, to state that Colonel Unger, the proprietor of the Mountain House, all the members of his family, his clerks, the steward, and waiters, did all that was possible for the comfort of their guests; and a lady, who knew what she was talking about, remarked to us that chambermaid of No. 96 was as tidy and obliging as any one had ever met; a remark which called forth a *douceur*, of course. Right pleasant was the social intercourse on Tuesday, concluding with a hop for the young folks in the evening, into which their elders intruded.

"On Wednesday morning, 'Well, what shall we do now?' asked several of the more active ones, as they picked their teeth on the porch. 'Do as you please,' replied Secretary Menamin, to whom everybody applied when any thing was wanted,—and they usually got it, too. 'O, but see here,' said Stahle, 'we ought to do something, you know.' 'We invited you to Ebensburg,' mildly suggested McPike: 'we have a new jail there; but you didn't accept.' 'We'll soon fix that,' said Menamin, nodding knowingly to McWade; 'how many want to go?' And about a hundred and fifty of the party 'signified' (it is unparliamentary) that such was their desire. Down the plank walk to the telegraph office went Menamin, the representative of the editors, and McWade, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who accompanied the party to see that it got properly railroaded. Click, click, went the instruments; the proper authorities were 'messaged,' and in about fifteen minutes a special train was ready to convey the excursionists to see McPike's delight—the new jail at Ebensburg. They returned much pleased with the trip; with great appetites for the good dinner that awaited them."

ADULTERY EXTRAORDINARY.—It is not often in our province as a newsgatherer, says the Johnstown *Tribune* of the 25th, that we come across a stranger (and it might have added a more disgusting) case than the following, which was brought to light at Justice Cox's office yesterday afternoon:

Christian Goldner, alias John Goldner, of Upper Yoder, is the name of the sweet-scented individual directly concerned. Eleven years ago he was a young man, and resided at Verona, Allegheny county. He was not a bad sort of a man, apparently, and when he began paying attentions to a widow lady residing in the village he had no trouble in finding the way to her affections. The courtship was short, and the honeymoon succeeding was one of unalloyed happiness to two hearts that palpitated in union. The widow had a daughter thirteen years old at the time of her second marriage, to whom Christian, alias John, was particularly kind; and it pleased the fond mother to know that the tendrils of her husband's affections were twined so lovingly about the heart of her child. Thus they lived for five years, or until the daughter had budded into womanhood, and then, when Mrs. Goldner awoke one morning, she was surprised to find her husband absent from her side, and her daughter also gone. She wondered, but did not fear. Something unusual had taken them off together and she was sure he would soon return. But they didn't, and for six weary years the worse than widowed lady sought tidings of their whereabouts. One day, not long ago, she heard that there was a man named John Goldner living near Johnstown, and investigation proved that he was the recalcitrant husband, and that her daughter was living with him as his wife. Mrs. Goldner immediately took steps to have him arrested, and two constables who were sent out by Justice Cox to bring the invidividual to time succeeded in capturing him. The hearing took place yesterday and resulted in Christian being held for trial at the September term of court. There was no friend forthcoming to bail him, so he will be a guest of the county to-day.

Thus was a happy home broken up, and the hearts of two trusting women made desolate—for the daughter doted on the man. Two children resulted from this unnatural marriage, and they must share their parents' shame. The girl had also given birth to an infant before her elopement, and it is believed that the wretch is the father of it. At the present time she is in a delicate situation. Mrs. Goldner No. 1 departed for her home on Sunday. She is the appearance of a goodwoman, and an industrious, hard-working one. She is several years older than her husband.

CAMBRIA COUNTY PORCUPINES.—A correspondent who signs himself "W. A. T." has recently been writing to the Pittsburgh *Telegraph* from Portage, this county, on the subject of porcupines. He was the guest of John C. Martin, Esq., and was by that gentleman introdnced to a number of old resident mountaineers, whose post prandial yarns under the shade of a wide-spreading tree formed the groundwork of his chapter on natural history. Some of the stories told staggered the correspondent's belief in the credibility of these unsophisticated dwellers on the mountain tops, but a description of how the porcupine steals fruit had the effect of causing him to utterly lose faith in human nature. He says:

According to this statement, in the autumn of the year, they visit the orchards when the apples fall, and by rolling over them attach them to their quills in large quantities and carry them off to their dens. When porcupines are plenty all the apples are carried out of the orchards and the irate pomologists no doubt attributes their disappearance to the village boys. He gave several instances of their predatory habits but one will suffice to show what they can do.

Missing large quantities of his apples, he lay for the intruder one night with a shot gun.—Presently he espied a porcupine come into the orchard and make up to the choice tree, where the mellow and luscious apples lay thick upon the ground. Over and over it rolled among them until it attained an enormous size, and a big apple was on each particular quill. Having loaded itself down to the guards it moved off and he followed it. A good opportunity offering, he fired at it and fortunately killed it.

"I picked up the apples," he said, "and measured them just for curiosity, and that porcupine was getting away with just two bushels and three pecks of 'em."

"How large was the porcupine? How much did it weigh?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, it was some two feet long and six inches high—would weigh five or six pounds before it was skinned," was the reply.

Two bushels and three pecks of green apples would weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and would make a good load for a full-grown man. And yet there are plenty of people both in town and country who say that newspaper men are given to making reckless statements.

A BIT OF HISTORY.—Many years ago, there resided in Portsmouth, Ohio, Dr. Patella, a physician of large practice, and Mr. McVay, at that time the leading druggist. About the same time Dr. Sellers placed his celebrated *Liver Pills* before the public for the cure of *Liver Complaint, Ague and Fever*, and all bilious disorders. The name of the Pills (being the first so-called in the U. S.) attracted the attention of Dr. Patello, and he at once commenced the use of them in his practice. McVay having confidence in Dr. P., began the sale of the *Sellers' Liver Pills*, and having occasion to use them, was so much benefitted that he never left home without taking a box in his pocket. These worthies are gone, but the demand for the Pills still exists, and are sold largely by Druggists, as well in Ebensburg as elsewhere.

FOR about two years, at times, I have been troubled with pain across my kidneys, say every ten days. In January, 1875, my urine stopped voiding, and I was compelled to lay close by the fire to get any ease, taking morphine and using hot cloths, thinking at times I could not live. I went to Titusville and bought a bottle of E. K. Thompson's Barosma, or Backache, Liver and Kidney Cure, and before the bottle was used I passed a gravel stone as large as a pea, and am now perfectly well, and hope every one troubled with the gravel or kidney trouble will give the Barosma a fair trial and be cured. J. H. CARR.

Prepared by E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg.

Local Correspondence.

ST. AUGUSTINE, July 29, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—As I did not give the particulars in my last letter about the tragic death of Young Gittings, who was thrown from a horse and died on the following day, having been deterred from doing so by various reports then in circulation, I will now give you what are believed to be the facts in the case, as elicited by an investigation made since last I wrote you.

It seems that about noon on the 12th inst. the deceased and his little brother, aged probably eight years, mounted the horse and rode him to water, about one-fourth of a mile distant and near the residence of Mr. John Smith. While at the watering-place it appears they were confronted by a son of Mr. Smith, a lad of 12 years, who for some reason began hurling stones at them, one of which struck the horse and caused him to jump to one side and throw the boys off, the eldest of whom was trampled upon by the animal and so badly injured that he was not able to rise, much less reach home. In this condition he remained until a lady passing near the spot heard his moans and went to see what was the matter, when she found him lying prone upon the ground and his little brother standing beside him and not knowing what to do. The latter she sent to tell his father, who at the time was about a mile distant, assisting a neighbor to harvest; then picking up the injured lad the lady succeeded by dint of carrying and leading in getting him home before his father reached there. Medical aid was at once summoned, but the poor boy's injuries were of such a nature that human skill was of no avail, and he died about 9 o'clock next morning. Young Smith was subsequently arrested and bound over for a hearing before Esquire Finnegan on Saturday last, when the evidence adduced was such as to leave the Justice no other alternative than to put him under bonds for his appearance at Court, but whether he found bail or was committed in default thereof I am unable to say, though I presume the necessary security was forthcoming. Altogether it was a sad and deplorable affair, the foregoing of which is rather added to than diminished by the fact that the parents of both lads are worthy people and good neighbors.

It may not be amiss to note that our zealous pastor, Rev. F. X. M'Carthy, has had the pastoral residence thoroughly overhauled and enlarged, thus making it much more commodious and handsome, and of course a great deal more comfortable.

The weather for the past three weeks has for the most part been exceedingly warm and dry, and as a consequence harvesting has been all the go. Most of the farmers are through with all their crops except oats, which is ready for the reaper. I believe I am safe in saying that Clearfield township produced more grain and hay this year than it ever before produced in any two years preceding. One reason for this greatly increased yield is that farmers are giving more attention than heretofore to the clearing and cultivation of timber land, having found out that in the long run it pays the best.

Yours, &c., TELEPHONE.

CARROLLTOWN, July 30, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—I have often been told that your philanthropic bump is exceedingly well developed, and though I never had an opportunity to make a phrenological investigation, I always took it for granted, until the last week's issue of your paper, that such was the case. For weeks we were tortured with the heat of a scorching sun, unalloyed by a single drop of rain, and ye lovers of piscatorial sports were consolingly laying plans for the first refreshing shower. Finally it came, but with it your unwelcome and unchartable warning, that from Aug. 1st the "speckled trout" must be left alone. Some of our Carrolltown friends have not, however, been annoyed nor outdone by the close coincidence of the wet weather and the commencement of the necessary restrictions on their sports. They made use of the last precious moments and apparently struck the tide that leads to fortune. Humbly and unpretendingly they drove out of town in a one-horse wagon, a good looking crew of them, and hookers on predicted that fish would be cheap next day. And they were right, for gossip has it that the draughts were exceedingly good and so many taken that they had considerable difficulty in getting some of them home in their one horse wagon.

An accident which might but fortunately did not prove serious occurred the other day to one of our well known citizens, Mr. John Flick. While engaged repairing some fences which were being made at his mill he had the misfortune to fall from a scaffolding, and was at first though to be very badly injured. He is now rapidly recovering, however, and is able once more to be about. SUN SUB.

Communication.

WILMORE, July 21, 1878.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* In last week's issue of your paper I notice a communication from a Chest Springs, over the signature "H. J. H." in which effusion that gentleman attacks the Greenback-Labor party in a style which shows at once his ignorance, prejudice and disregard for truth, as well as his lack of political sagacity. Instead of the more cutting qualifications of his party are endeavoring to conciliate the Greenback-Labor element—an undertaking which they will never be able to accomplish—this self-constituted champion of the Democracy of Cambria, in the exuberance of his overweening vanity imagines that he can, by a few strokes of his able pen, annihilate the Greenback-Labor party, and thereby place his rescued organization under lasting obligations to him for his efforts in its behalf, and leave him free to pluck the sugar plum of legislative honors to which his ambition aspires.

With regard to H. J. H.'s disaffected candidate-ship desirous of obtaining a nomination from the Greenback party, it is almost needless to say that all such aspirations were speedily nipped in the bud by a resolution, unanimously adopted in the convention, which declared that the name of no man who was before either the Democratic or Republican convention for office would be allowed even the privilege of being balloted for.

The charges of Communism so unceremoniously hurled at our party by your correspondent is a hackneyed epithet which will serve to delude no man who is really intelligent. We are not Communists. On the contrary, we would save the country from the vortex of Communism, which will be the logical result of the aggressions of the Money Power, if the people do not keep a watchful eye and by their votes place such a deplorable misfortune beyond the range of possibility.

Now, I do not intend to enter into a discussion with your correspondent on this question. Had any man of ability thrown down the gauntlet as "H. J. H." has done, I would not be slow to accept the challenge; but I will not argue the question with *him*. What I ask of you, as a matter of courtesy, and as one of justice to hundreds of your readers who are Greenbackmen, in consideration of the fact that "H. J. H." has taken advantage of your leniency to calumniate our cause and its leaders, and to misrepresent our motives, is that you will give a place in your columns to a communication in which I will set forth the principles and doctrines of the Greenback-Labor party, together with my own views on the issues of the day. An answer through the next FREEMAN is respectfully solicited.

Yours, truly, J. M.

Letter from California.

TURLOCK, Stanislaus Co., Cal., July 25, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—In my last I stated the method of numeration used by the Chinese. I shall now give you the days of the week and the months of the year, though the sounds they make cannot be exactly symbolized by English letters.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday—La bi. Monday—La bi yet. Tuesday—La bi gee. Wednesday—La bi som. Thursday—La bi see. Friday—La bi um. Saturday—La bi rook.

Which means Sunday; one day after Sunday; two days after Sunday, &c.

The months of the year are more difficult, especially the first two, as they do not sound like the rest.

MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

1st month—sune yet. 2d month—gee yet. 3d month—som gon yet. 4th month—see gon yet. 5th month—um gon yet. 6th month—lok (or roak) gon yet. 7th month—tut gon yet. 8th month—but gon yet. 9th month—cow (or gow) gon yet. 10th month—sup gon yet. 11th month—sup yet gon yet. 12th month—sup gee (or gne) gon yet.

There is evidently something wrong about the first and second month. They do not sound right. From what I can learn the multiplication table would sound like this: Gee yet gee; gee gee see; gee gee sup rook; gee gee see um gee um sup; gee roak sup gee; gee tut sup see; gee but sup roak; gee cow sup bat; gee sup gee sup, etc.

The harvest is nearly over. Our neighbors are through, but we have to cut about 200 acres yet. The weather has kept cold all the time that the men were at work, except two days, which were pretty warm. This is extraordinary.

Our friend F. D. was with us two weeks, but has now left for Stockton, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oregon, &c. He sent away enough of mail while here to supply a Reform Congress. He also worked in the harvest field for several days, making a full hand. He is one of your scare up specimens, but is as quick as any other harvest hand. I cannot but wish him well in all his undertakings.

To give your farmers an idea of harvesting here, I will say that Winfield, my son, who managed the header, cut about 1,000 acres of barley, standing on a square beam, or twenty miles a day for fifty-five days. The barley stack contained what grew on a hundred acres. There are nineteen wheat stacks, containing each as much as grew on 70 to 80 acres, which will shell out each one, in wheat, from 800 to 1,000 bushels. A land is usually half a mile long and 70 to 80 rods wide, each rod making an acre. It takes two and one-half days to build a stack, each stack containing about 100 loads of heads, equal to eight or ten bushels. It will take about ten days to thresh twenty stacks.

Yours, &c., ROB ROY.

At latest accounts the creditors of Wm. M. Lloyd, some of whom are still in session at Altoona, had not succeeded in electing assignees.

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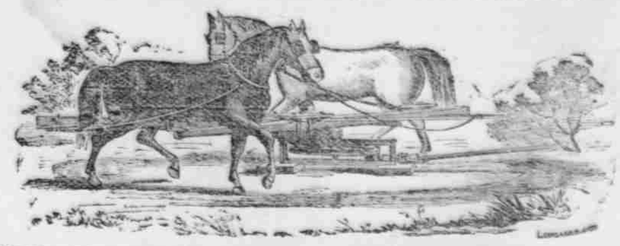

[The above Cut represents a Two Horse Sweep, with Iron Frame, very simple in its construction, and durable. It is a Tumbling Bar Power and has an Iron Jack.]

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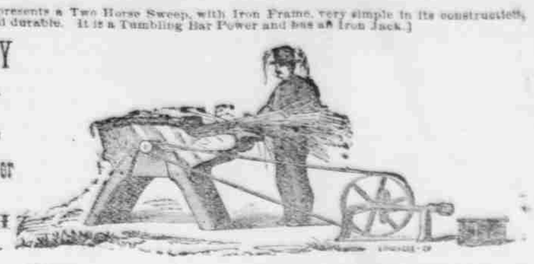

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PHILADELPHIA.

Lines written on the occasion of the Second Anniversary of the Death of Mrs. Sue A. Krise—July 31, 1878.

In the morning of life, ere the zenith
Of noonhood's day thou hadst seen,
The flush of the beetic was o'er thy cheek
Where the rose-blush of health late had been.

The solstice of summer was wanine,
The harvest was swept from the plain,
The husbandman hoarded his treasure—
His barn filled with bright, golden grain.

On the death-couch thy form was reclining,—
That form now so wasted and wan;
Fond friends

WORN-OUT FARMS.

I look with sincere pity upon many farmers who are settling down into discouragement over the condition of their farms. Their crops are light from lack of manure, the manure heap is small from want of crops; from want of anything to sell they are too poor to buy fertilizers, and in utter hopelessness they exclaim: "Farming is a poor business." Well, such farming is a poor business. I do not speak of this to add to their discouragement, but to give a word of cheer—to point, if I can, to some way to better the farmer's lot. I believe the cheapest and easiest way to bring up a run-down farm is by green manuring. Suppose your farm is too poor for clover, and grass makes only a feeble growth; put on it a manural crop that will grow, such as rye; turn this under with your plow, and you can then raise something better; keep feeding your soil with everything your shovel and your team can command—ashes, leached ashes, if you can get them by drawing them within five miles—muck, marl, anything that will bring a green mantle over your fields. Soon you can set the clover pump to work pumping up to the surface the inexhaustible resources of your subsoil. If an animal dies, don't stop to bewail your luck and exclaim: "Everything goes to the dogs on my farm!" Don't send it to the dogs at all, but compost it with muck, or even soil, and thus secure a most valuable manure. Samson performed a wonder by taking honey from the dead carcass of a lion; outdo that wonder by extracting wheat from the carcass of your dead cow. Pick up all the bones you can find, put them under cover, and mix with them two or three times their bulk of ashes from your kitchen; moisten them with enough water so that the potash may act on the gelatin of the bones; stir them over once a week, and in a month or two you will find the bones so tender that you can cut and crush them with a blow of your shovel; beat the whole into a powdery mass, and you will have a manure better than the average of the superphosphates which you feel too poor to buy. Give a handful of this to each hill of corn, and see how it will wave its banner of green and pour into your basket the golden ears of corn.

But in bringing your soil into good condition do not neglect green manuring. Let every wind that blows over your fields bring them a blessing in the shape of atmospheric plant food. Do all these things patiently and hopefully, without urging your soil beyond what it can do, and you will yet, out of the fullness of a grateful heart, exclaim: "Bless God for the farm."—*Prof. R. C. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College.*

RECLAIMING WORN-OUT LAND.—I will give my plan for reclaiming worn-out land and raising a crop at the same time; Sow rye, say about the last of August or the first of September, and for the first crop I would spread on a pretty heavy dressing of good barnyard manure and sow the grain and harrow in together. The object is to get the seed as close to the manure as possible, and this will furnish good pasture until late in the fall. Then keep off all stock until spring; cut it about May 20, and you should get from three to four tons of the very best hay. It might be cut sooner and used for soiling; then I would plow in the stubble and plant to white beans, or I would drill in corn, in rows two and a half or three feet apart, and this I would cut early for fodder for milch cows, say about September, then putting in another crop of rye, and keep it up for three years. Every time the rye stubble is plowed in it is as good as a bed of manure.

The amount of roots that rye produces is quite astonishing. One of my neighbors has tried this plan of reclaiming land for the last three years, and he says he can raise as good wheat now on the land thus treated as on any part of his farm. I would say from two to two and a half bushels per acre; in fact, it can hardly be sown too thick for hay or for soiling.

HOWEVER remarkable "instinct" in animals may be, it does not adapt them to unusual circumstances. "Nature," an English periodical, relates an amusing instance of the discomfiture of a dog by a monkey. Jocko was the property of a wondering organ grinder, and had seated himself on a bank within a private enclosure. A terrier dog made a dash for him. The monkey awaited the dog's approach with such composure that the terrier stopped to reconnoitre. The two remained eye to eye, till the monkey thought it time to show his breeding, and politely raised his cap. And thereupon the dog dropped head and tail and sneaked off into the house, and would not be persuaded to venture out again, until the monkey had departed. Horses that will face a railroad train sometimes baulk at a hand-car on the rails; and a wheel barrow on a country road has been known to put an old plough horse to young tricks and terrors.

MANY of the old naturalists entertained the notion that geese were produced from trees. It was supposed that on the banks of a river in the Orcades, a tree grew that produced live geese like fruit. In the old volume printed at Basie 1550, entitled "Munsteri Cosmographia," is a curious engraving representing the barnacle goose dropping from bursting pods on the tree into the stream beneath, and swimming away. A similar cut is to be found in "Aldrovandus" and at the end of "Gerrard's Herbal." The early navigators and travelers related the most extraordinary stories of this character.

NEW STOCK
—OF—
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
PEOPLE'S CHEAP STORE
CARROLLTOWN, PA.,
AND TO BE SOLD AT
LOWER PRICES THAN EVER!

12 webs new style Dress Goods, worth 20c., reduced to 12c.
10 webs new style Dress Plaids, " 22c., " " 15c.
Black and all colored Alpacas, from 13 to 45 cts. per yard,
Black and all colored Cashmeres, from 35 to 65c. " "
Good Dress Prints, worth 7 cts., reduced to 5 cts. " "
Best Cocheco Prints, " 8 " " " 6 " " "
Appleton A Muslin, " 10 " " " 8 " " "
Bleached Muslin, " 11 " " " 8 " " "
Ladies' Suits, ready made, worth $3.00, reduced to $2.00.
Gent's Cassimere Worsted Suits, from $3.50 up to $6.00.
Youth's " " " " $2.00 " " $5.00.
Men's and Boy's Hats, from 45 cents to $2.25.
Good Roasted Coffee, worth 25 cts., reduced to 20 cts. per lb.
Good Green Coffee, " " " " " " "
Yellow C Sugar, " 10 " " " 8 " "
Extra Crushed Sugar, " 12 " " " 10 " "

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND ALL OTHER GOODS,
REDUCED IN THE SAME PROPORTION.
DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--IN WALTERS' LARGE STORE ROOM,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
S. TEITELBAUM.

That old Brick Building
at 6th and Market
in Philadelphia where
Wanamaker and Brown
STARTED
to earn a good name
by making ONLY
Real Good Clothing
is this year
"Full and running over"
with that kind of Clothing
that Men and Boys may
DEPEND ON
Please Call W&B OAK Hall.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,
ALWAYS HAVE THE
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,
TO BE FOUND IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.
☞Don't Forget the Street and Number.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

HAVING an ambition to pay my debts, I will sell as much of the following described real estate as will be necessary for the purpose, viz:

No. 1. A PIECE OR PARCEL OF IMPROVED LAND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, containing 7½ acres, having thereon erected a two story double Dwelling House.

No. 2. A SQUARE OF GROUND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded by Lloyd street, West street, Ogle street and Spruce alley, having thereon erected a double Frame Dwelling House and a Frame Stable.

No. 3. A LOT OF GROUND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, fronting on Lloyd street, and adjoining the Foundry.

No. 4. A PIECE OF GROUND situate in the West Ward of the Borough of Ebensburg, bounded by the Turnpike, Lloyd street and West street, containing about one acre.

No. 5. A PIECE OR PARCEL OF IMPROVED LAND situate in Cambria township (near Ebensburg), bounded by the Clay Pike, land of Edward Owens and John Kirschner, containing 19 acres and 83 perches.

No. 6. A PIECE OR PARCEL OF UNIMPROVED LAND situate in Cambria township (at Beulah), bounded by the Beulah road, land of Joseph Wilman, Heirs of James and Geo. Mills, and others, containing 82 acres and 83 perches.

No. 7. A TRACT OF LAND situate in Blacklick township, known as the "John Gillan" farm, containing about 123 acres, having thereon erected a Stone Dwelling House and a Frame Barn. There is a coal bank opened on the premises.

Where the above property will admit of division, it will be sold in lots to suit purchasers.

WM. KITTELL.

Ebensburg, May 31, 1878.-tf.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 1½ miles from East Tyrone, containing 188 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, if desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the the first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 2½ miles from Altoona. This property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER,

Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 889, Altoona.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.

COME TO THE PEOPLE'S
CHEAP VARIETY STORE.

The PEOPLE'S VARIETY STORE is the best yet:
We'll treat you all well and a bargain you'll get.
Loretto's the place where cheap goods are found,
So come all good people and gather around;
Come all ye good people from far and from near,
I'll tell you of something you'll all like to hear!
Come out of the country, come out of the town—
Buy all kinds of goods since the price has come down.
The VARIETY STORE is the cheapest you'll find—
Cheap goods you will get there of every kind.
The price of our merchandise suits the hard times,
By dealing with us you will save many dimes.
To keep up the prices would be a great crime,
Now that the laborer gets half pay for his time.
From all the large cities our goods we do get;
We pay for them there on the instant, cash net,
Which enables us lower to sell, do you see?
And thus do our prices and hard times agree.
All produce we take from the country in trade,
And three per cent per quote without cash being paid.
Come, all pretty girls, sober matrons, and see!
Come, young men and old men—boys high as your knee!
The place we hold forth is at Lacey's old stand,
Where the best kind of bargains the cash can command;
The PEOPLE'S CHEAP VARIETY STORE is our full name,
And all kinds of goods you'll get cheap at the same.

M. J. TEITELBAUM.
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., June 4, 1878.-3m.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use
WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS!
The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to BARRICK, ROLLER & CO., 70 N. 4th St., Phila [1-4,78.-1y.]

JOHN MURPHY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Cambria county, Pa. Night calls can be made at the residence of Jas. P. Murray. [3-22.-tf.-$3*.]

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [6-27,'72.]

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

A physician sends to the Chicago *Tribune* a new cure for consumption, the use and effects of which are explained as follows:

Some months ago the little daughter (aged fourteen) of a trunkmaker in this city, one Mr. Garden—I am permitted to use his name—was pronounced a hopeless consumptive; and to have seen her at that time, one would have supposed there was good ground for the decision, as she was a mere skeleton, and had a terrible cough, expectorated over a pint a day of greenish, blood-streaked tuberculous matter, and was so exceedingly nervous that she could scarcely sleep at all, night or day. She had been doctored a long time with cough and consumption specifics, and one or two physicians had tried their skill on her, but without avail—her life gradually drawing to a close. Meeting her father (who was almost heartbroken at the thought of soon losing her) one day, I gave him this prescription:

One-half pound finely cut up beefsteak (fresh);
One drachm pulverized charcoal;
Four ounces pulverized sugar;
Four ounces rye whisky;
One pint boiling water.
Mix all together, let it stand in a cool place over night, and give from one to two teaspoonfuls liquid and meat—before each meal.

This was tried, and in four or five weeks this little girl was so rosy and healthy, free from all cough and other symptoms of disease, that it was considered almost a miracle in the neighborhood in which she lived.

What caused this great change? Simply the supplying of her system with more carbon than the disease could exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

I have used this preparation very frequently, and have never found it act otherwise than beneficial. The dose should be small, at first, until the stomach becomes used to it and then gradually increased.

Let all consumptives try it who read this—weighing themselves before they commence, and again after they have taken it a week or ten days. To their astonishment, they will discover that, instead of their bodies wasting away, they will gain in strength and flesh.

A BEAR HUSBAND.—The following interesting description of a bear fight, we take from a contemporary: "A fight between two bears took place at the Zoological Gardens in Cologne the other day. The bears had been brought from Spitzbergen five years ago, and had been placed in a large pit with a tank in the centre. Until within the last few days they had remained upon excellent terms with each other, but last week a quarrel occurred between them, the result of which was that the female bear took refuge upon the summit of a large rock in one corner of the pit. The male did not attempt to follow her, and she remained there three days, when, pressed by hunger, she descended again. As soon as the male bear saw her, he immediately rushed at her and attacked her with his fore paws. The keepers attempted to separate them, and belabored the male with heavy iron bars, but the bones in the head of the Polar bear are so much harder than those of the ordinary bear that these blows took no effect. The male bear continued to wreak his vengeance upon his companion, and, after having almost torn her body into ribbons, he dragged her to the bottom of the tank, and held her there till he felt assured that all signs of life were extinct. He then brought her body back to the floor of the pit, and dragged it around the pit for nearly an hour. After this he withdrew into his sleeping-den to rest from his labors, and the keepers at once closed the iron bars upon him. Having examined the body of the dead bear they found that it had received more than a hundred wounds; the neck and head were crushed almost to a jelly, and the flesh was hanging in strips from the back and sides. During the whole combat neither of the bears uttered a sound."

THE PARSON WORSTED.—At Stokesley, in Yorkshire, there lives a man who once assisted in singing the 119th Psalm. This, added to the fact that he is descended from a long line of gravediggers, has gained for him the respect of his fellow-townsmen. About sixty years ago the parson of that parish thought it his duty to attend marriage feasts, and the parish clerk at the same time thought it his duty to assist at christening tea parties. These two functionaries quarreled, and the parson one day commanded the clerk's presence at an hour when he knew that certain tea cakes and muffins would be at their best. The clerk saw the move, and he determined on his revenge. Having got the choir and band on his side, on Sunday morning when the parson had shortened sermon in order to dine with Darby and Joan, just married, instead of giving out part one of the 119th Psalm the clerk gave out: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the 119th Psalm—all on't." The parson, with his head on the pulpit cushion, for some time did not notice what was going on, and by the time that he did the musicians were fairly at work, and in spite of all he could say or do were not to be denied. The air was never lost. The fiddlers wore out their bows and strings, the flute player blew out his front teeth, the clarionet never recovered its tone, and the singers all suffered more or less, but they kept it up to the bitter end and finished at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after four hours' work. Many of the congregation went to their dinner, and returned in the afternoon to finish, but the parson won much respect by sticking to his pulpit to the last, when he gave the usual benediction.

AN English scientific paper remarks as as a curious physiological fact that although open air life is so favorable to health, yet it has the apparent effect of stunting growth in early youth. While the children of well-to-do parents, carefully housed and tended, are taller for their age than the children of the poor, they are not so strong in after years. "The laborer's children, for instance, who play in the losely country roads and fields all day, whose parents lock their cottage doors when leaving for work in the morning, so that their offspring shall not gain entrance and do mischief, are almost invariably short for their age. The children of working farmers exhibit the same peculiarity. After sixteen or eighteen, after years of hesitation as it were, the lads shoot up and become great hulking broad fellows, possessed of immense strength. Hence it would seem that indoor life forces growth at the wrong period, and so injures." The inference is plausible, but it is wide of the mark. The children of the well to-do are tall not because they are kept indoors, but because they are well fed and saved from severe exposure. The children of the poor are stunted not by too much sun and air, but because they are ill fed. Give the first class plenty of outdoor play, with their proper diet, and they will be strong as well as tall; give to the laborer's children the food suitable to their years, and no amount of sun and wind will stunt them. On the contrary, they will not have to wait till age brings capacity to turn strong food to bone and muscle, and time to overcome the evil effects of hard times in early life; but will grow from the first steadily and sturdily.—*Scientific American.*

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. [9-5.'75.-tf.

TRADE MARK.
'VIBRATOR'
Reg. March 11, 1874.
THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE
"Vibrator" Threshers,
WITH IMPROVED
MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,
And Steam Thresher Engines,
Made only by
NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Thresher of the day and generation. Beyond all Rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

GRAIN Raisers will not Submit to the enormous wastage of Grain & low Improper work done by the other machines, when once posted on the difference.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often 2 to 3 times that amount) can be made by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separator. Entirely free from Beaters, Pickers, Feeders, and all such time-wasting and grain-wasting complications. Perfectly adapted to all Kinds and Conditions of Grain, Wet or Dry, Long or Short, Headed or Bound.

NOT only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the only Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuilding" to change from Grain to Seeds.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual Belts and Gears. Makes no Litterings or Scatterings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, ranging from six to Twelve Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

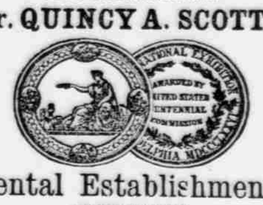
STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty, a special size Separator made expressly for Steam Power.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, with Valuable Improvements and Distinctive Features, far beyond any other make or kind.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

Messrs. EDITORS:
As we were connected with
Dr. QUINCY A. SCOTT'S



Dental Establishment!
AT THE TIME HIS
CENTENNIAL SPECIMENS
Were manufactured, we state positively that those elegant Dental Specimens which received the
CENTENNIAL MEDAL and DIPLOMA
WERE MADE BY
DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT
And his assistants. And we desire also to state that we have been in many dental offices, and have seen dentistry in all its phases, but have never seen work turned out anywhere to equal that made at
278 Penn Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
We do not think it necessary, but we also wish to endorse
Dr. Quincy A. Scott
As a gentleman, upright and honorable in all social and business relations.
DR. JOHN SCOTT, DR. W. H. PERRY,
DR. JOS. GRAHAM, JOHN K. AHL,
ALL OF PITTSBURGH, PA.

UP! UP! UP!
IN THE NUMBER.
DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!
IN THE PRICE.
THE MODEL
GROCERY STORE OF ALTOONA
HAS BEEN REMOVED
From 1323 to 1324 ELEVENTH Avenue,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE FORMER LOCATION,
Where the undersigned may be found at all times fully supplied with a better variety of
FRESH GROCERIES
than has ever before been offered for sale in that city. Expenses having been reduced by my removal, I am enabled to sell my goods at
LOWER PRICES THAN EVER
—in fact so low that I defy any man in the business to undersell me.
☞Thankful for past favors and soliciting a continuance and increase of the same, especially from my numerous friends in Cambria county, I respectfully invite everybody to give me a call and examine my goods and prices before buying elsewhere. P. F. CONFER.
April 12, 18:8. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

OWNERS OF HORSES
Are hereby informed that the undersigned, having leased the "SHIELDS' HOUSE"—formerly "Red Lion" Boarding and Sales Stables—and also TRIMBLE'S STABLES, Pittsburgh, have a capacity for stabling 200 Horses, and will receive 30 or 40 Horses to board at reasonable rates, by the week. Horses day board, 50c.; Mules, day board, 40c. The stables have been refitted throughout, attentive Hostlers have been secured, and the proprietors are determined to give the public a first-class boarding and sales stables.
JOHN BOYD,
A. J. MONTGOMERY.
*This Hotel is now conducted by Mr. W. H. Stahlman, in first rate style—good rooms, good table, courteous treatment and low prices.
April 26, 1878.-3m.

LEATHER
—AND—
RUBBER BELTING
RUBBER HOSE; RUBBER PLUMBAGO, ASBESTOS, ITALIAN AND HEMP PACKING; LACE LEATHER, ENGINE OILS,
And Mill Supplies Generally.
WAREHOUSE and OFFICE,
No. 108 Water Street, Pittsburgh.
THORP & CO.
March 22, 1878.-1y.

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB-STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.
☞Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.
April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

JAMES WILKINSON.....H. T. O'FRIEL.
WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!
Loretto, Pa.
☞Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. (4-12.—tf.)

ESSENTIAL OILS.
WINTERGREEN, PEPPERMINT, PENNYROYAL, SPEARMINT, &c.,
of prime quality, bought in any quantity for cash on delivery, free of brokerage, commission, storage, etc., by
DODGE & OLCOTT,

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS.
F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

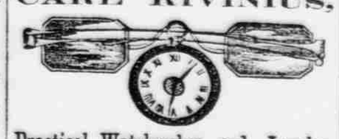
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,
AND A GENERAL
BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
☞Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK,
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

CARL RIVINIUS,



Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,
One Door West of Huntley's Hardware Store,
EBENSBURG, PA.,
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
☞Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.
Ebensburg, Jan. 25, 1878.-tf.

THIS WAY
FOR
Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, &c.
IN addition to a full line of Drugs, Medicines, &c., the undersigned keep on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of
Perfumery, Toilet and Washing Soaps,
Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences of all kind, pure Spices, Blank Books, Pocket and Pass Books, Stationery, Writing Fluid, Black and Red Inks, Pens, Pencils and Pen Holders, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, &c., &c., together with a
FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY,
Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the
Very Lowest Prices for Cash.
LEMMON & MURRAY,
Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

WOOL! BOUGHT —OR— MADE UP TO ORDER WOOL!
THE EBENSBURG WOOLEN COMPANY is ample prepared to manufacture to order or exchange Goods of its own make for WOOL, which will be taken at the highest market price, and for the gathering of which wagons will soon be sent to the various sections of the county. The quality of the goods made by us is too well known to need recommendation, and as we are now running our Factory by STEAM POWER, there will be no delay in the manufacture of wool sent or left to us for that purpose.
P. S.—Weaving, Carding, Fulling and Dyeing promptly attended to in a workmanlike manner and at the lowest possible rates.
Ebensburg, May 11, 1877.-tf.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1877 -1y.*

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, Pa.,
Office at 1318 Eleventh avenue, between 13th and 14th streets, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High st of residence. [4-21,'78.-tf.]

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

1. The leaves of the common tansy laid in and around furs and woolens will keep away moths without the trouble of carefully wrapping up the garments in papers and bags. I have tried it successfully for six years.

2. Raw cabbage is much more wholesome and digestible than cooked cabbage, and should be eaten with vinegar. Cabbage is a very wholesome vegetable, and is very palatable without vinegar when one gets accustomed to doing without the acid. The vinegar really destroys or injures the flavor of the cabbage.

3. When there is danger of staining the hands from preparing fruit or vegetables, rub them with fresh lard.

4. Moths will infest carpets in warm rooms in winter as well as in summer. A sure way to remove them, says the *Ohio Farmer*, is to pour strong salt water upon the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edge, before the carpets are laid down. When sweeping, once in a while sprinkle dry salt upon the carpet.

5. A correspondent of the Country *Gentleman* gives the following recipe for keeping eggs through winter and says: "It has never failed during twenty-five years that I have used it. It is simply to set the eggs on end as soon as gathered, and keep them in a cool place. I kept eggs laid in September until April, and they were just as nice to fry with ham, or any other use, as new eggs."

6. Tobacco smoke has saved all of the chickens sick with gapes, so far—the one almost dead when the remedy was first applied seems cured. They have been smoked six times. A few live coals are put in an old iron pot, and a pinch of tobacco placed on them. As soon as the smoke begins to rise the chickens, which have previously been placed in a basket, are put over the vessel and covered with cloth. They inhale the smoke until they tumble over partially insensible, when they are removed from the basket. They soon revive and the spasms are lessened.

CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers have been cultivated in the East for thousands of years—in fact, their culture is of nearly as great antiquity as that of the vine, for Moses mentions it as abounding in Egypt when the children of Israel were there about 3,000 years ago. According to Pliny, cucumbers were largely grown by the Greeks and Romans, and the Emperor Tiberius had them on his table every day in the year. The cucumber is a native of the East Indies, and was introduced into England in 1573, although its culture was for many years neglected. Since then, however, they have again been introduced and become popular, and they have so risen in public favor that it is scarcely possible now to overstock the English markets with them at any period of the year. In Russia this vegetable is consumed in large quantities by all classes of society, black bread and cucumbers, indeed, forming the staple food of the peasant population. The money value of an acre of cucumbers depends largely on the weather, but at the low price of four cents a dozen, in England, as much as $250 to $300 an acre is realized in moderately favorable seasons. Some idea of the importance of this branch of culture may be gathered from the fact that from 500 to 600 tons per week are sent to the London markets during the cucumber season.

CLOVES are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers, in clusters, to the very edges of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and while they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of parts of a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of flowers rolled up, including a number of small stalks or filaments; the other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower of the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of the cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are in consequence much weakened.

FOR SCORCHED LINEN.—When linen has been scorched, use the following remedy: Add to a quart of vinegar the juice of half a dozen large onions, about one ounce of soap rasped down, a quarter of a pound of fuller's earth, an ounce of lime, one ounce of pearl ash. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and spread some of it upon the scorched part. Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape it off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the linen, unless so much scorched that the fabric is destroyed.

THE nations using a single gold standard are Great Britain, Egypt, Portugal, Turkey, Persia, Brazil, Argentine Republic, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Chili and Japan. Those using a single standard of silver are Russia, Austria, Ecuador, the Central American states, China, India, Mexico, Peru, United States of Colombia, Tripoli, Tunis, Holland and Venezuels. Those using the bi-metallic standard are Belgium, Bolivia, France, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and the United States.